SICK

CDC 00159
DECEMBER 1976

50¢

CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS

We Throw the Bull at
BUFFALO BULL and the **INDIANS!**

PLUS:
OBSCENE PHONE CALLS!
SOVIET GAME SHOW!
FAMILY BRIBES!
TATTOOS!!!
FONZ!

0 72246 00159 12
00159

A **SICK** CUT-OUT

This certificate hereby proclaims _____
(Sign Name)

legally insane and not responsible for the nutty things he/she/it does! The signee hereby subscribes and promises to strive in SICK faith to such terms! Also, the holder to this document shall at all times honor, uphold and cherish this state of mind—Mainly, by buying this crummy magazine!

Certification hereby accepted on _____ _____
(Month) (Day)

_____ *by Huckleberry Fink!*
(Year)

SICK

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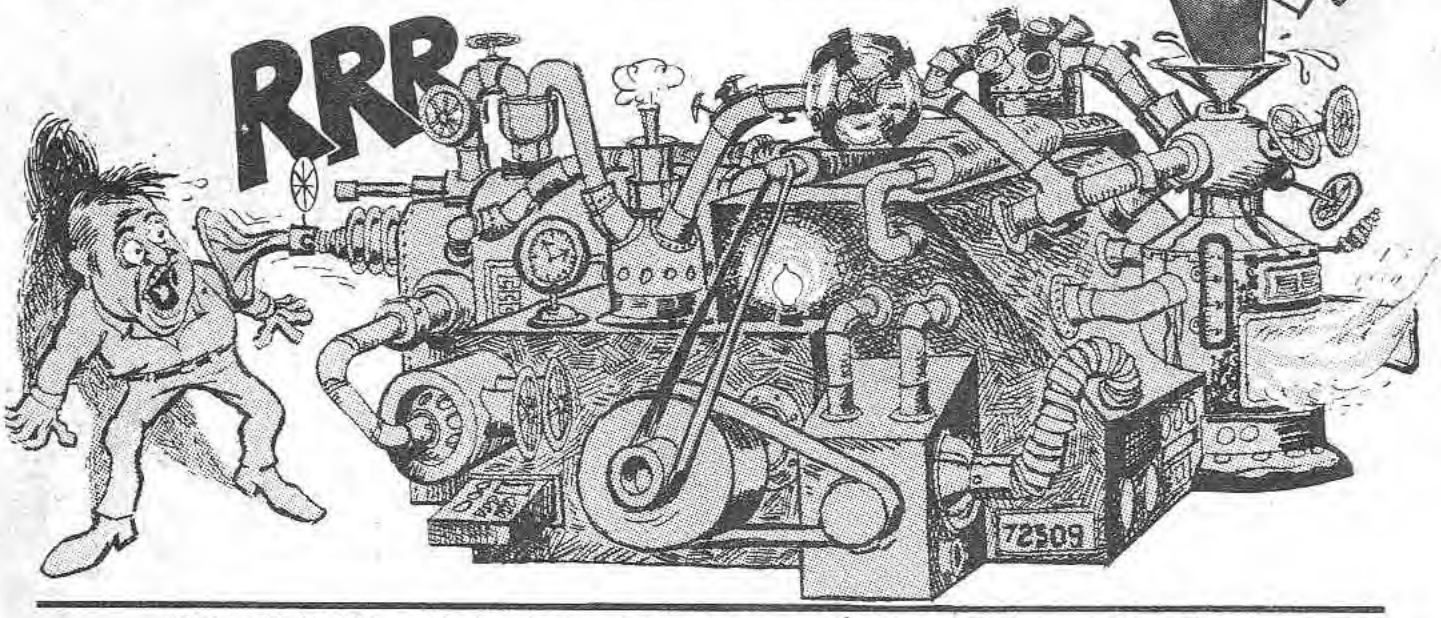

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Sickcerely Yours:

Dear Editor:

H-E-E-E-Y! Like what more can I say! Your "interview" with da Fonz was cool! Man, da Fonz is da greatest as far as I'm concerned! That's why I was like gassed-out to see him in your magazine! And all I can say is that it was terrific.! A-a-a-y!

Pete "da Laz" Lazaro
Queens, New York

ED: Hey! Da Fonz says to stay cool! In fact, da Fonz is back with more coolness in this issue of SICK!

• • •

Dear Editor:

I never had a sick time until I started reading it.

Richard Cortland
New Paltz, New York

ED: We know TIME magazine was imitating us—but stealing our title is going too far!!!

• • •

Editor:

Bought your latest issue and loved it! Unfortunately, when my landlady saw SICK in my shopping bag she kicked me out! I told her Sick is nutritious, especially the cover—which drove her bananas when she saw King Kong on it! Boy, what does a guy have to do to spread a little culture?

Leo Handon
Columbia, S.C.

ED: We tried spreading a little culture once—Unfortunately, the stuff happened to be bacteria culture... And we all got sick!

• • •

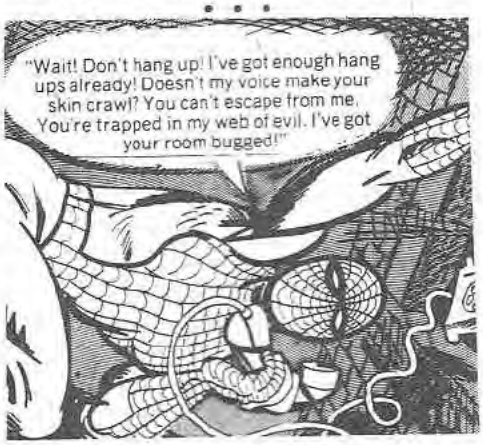
Dear Editor:

Congratulations on a fantastic magazine! As a life long lover of humor, I've collected every issue of SICK I could lay my hands on! Sick has never failed to disappoint me, but your last try was too much to ask for! I think your magazine is the best around!

Karen Nolen
Detroit, Michigan

ED: Not only is Sick the best around—it's the best rectangular magazine, too! Thanks Karen!

• • •



Dear Sirs:

I am really quite pleased with your latest effort. There has been a tremendous improvement in Sick with issue No. 112! Your articles are lively and relevant. Your artwork is great. I hope you keep up the good work!

Ed Ceder
East Orange, New Jersey

PS: Please do a funny piece on my favorite TV star, THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN!

ED: SICK never lets a fan down! Our staff is currently assembling the bolts and nuts for a great BIONIC special in our upcoming issue!

• • •

Editor:

Your issue #112 proved that King Kong is more than just another pretty face! He's also one ace of a standup comedian! Please do more on Kong! In my book he's a top banana (eater)!

Alan Hale
Irving, Texas

ED: Da Kong is tops in our book, too! And if we can get him away from the piano a few minutes, he'll be back with more of his hairy ape humor, soon!

• • •

Sickies:

I think your magazine stinks!

Andy Glaser
Liverpool, Ohio

ED: SICK uses a 5-day deodorant —Once every two weeks!

• • •

Dear Editor:

Love your movie spoofs! Two movie reviews in one magazine is

an outasight idea! You're really on the ball! By the way, speaking of ball, I thought your movie spoof of the BAD MOUTH BEARS was the best and funniest film satire I've ever read!

Jonathan Chance
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

ED: You've just hit a home run with us, Jon!

• • •

Dear Editor:

I'm glad to see all the nuts are back on tight at SICK! I think you have a real good magazine and I am super glad to see Huckleberry Fink back on your covers! That boy deserves a home—a SICK home!

Nancy MacDonald
Biloxi, Miss.

ED: A home by any other name is not SICK!

• • •

Editor:

I say your magazine is a lot of manure! I wouldn't pay a plugged nickel for it! I couldn't even toilet train my new puppy on SICK! You guys should be run out of town—or better yet, out of this world!

Harlan Heiser
Beardstown, Ill.

ED: Another satisfied customer!

• • •

Dear Editor:

SICK makes a wonderful pipe tobacco. Just thought I'd let you all know!

J.A. Welch
Houston, Texas

ED: SICK has a 101 uses—and that must be its 102nd use, J.A.!

• • •

Dear Editor:

Your DUMB ADAMS' SCREEN TEST was a real scream! I watch that show all the time and am always waiting for something outrageous to happen! I think your SICK parody of SCREEN TEST was a stroke of genius! Now my next ambition is to play SICK's new game show: WELFARE ROLL! Already I've quit my job and have applied to my local welfare office! I can't wait to find out if I'll be choosen as a contestant!!!

Cheers,
Richie Williams
Bluefield, West Virginia

ED: The whole SICK staff is on Welfare!

• • •

SICK Magazine:

Repent! The world will end tomorrow!

KARLO
San Francisco, Ca.

ED: With our luck, the world will end on our day off!

SICK Magazine:

Your magazine is so famous around here that it can be seen in our post office—on the wall with the other F.B.I. WANTED posters!

Rocky Falk
Montgomery, Ala.

ED: SICK is wanted in 51 states and Canada, too!

Well, last issue we gave you a look at America's newest T.V. game show—WELFARE ROLL! We predicted it would sweep the nation—and it did, literally! The article was so full of trash that our editorial staff was awarded the BROOM . . . an award presented annually by the sanitation union! Also, we got a call on the hot line from some guy in Russia—the guy demanded equal time, a T.V. game show depicting the Soviet "why" of life! So here we are with a Russian version of a Hollywood game show . . .

SOVIET GAME SHOW

YOU BETTER MAKE A DEAL

WRITTEN BY: JAYSON WECHTER DAVE ROBB

ART: DAVE MANAK

Well Comrade, what's the secret of your long life?
What's so unusual about that?
I drink a quart of vodka every morning.
I mix it with three quarts of orange juice—vitamin C, you know.
PRIZES
ESK/MC PIES 150 RUBALS

For our first deal, you can have what's in this envelope here—or what Comrade Jay has under the box on stage.
Yes, you could have had a VISA for two out of the **Soviet Union**, with guaranteed free passage across the frontier border of your choice. **But instead you've won—**
I'll take the box!
APPLAUSE OR ELSE

A pack of **chewing gum!** Five delicious sticks of artificially flavored American chewing gum!
But I have no teeth!

Then give it to your grandchildren.
One pack of gum for **48 grandchildren?**
Sure! One chews for awhile, then another one chews—they share—that's the Communist way, eh Comrade?

Now, I'm going to give you this envelope, and you can keep it, or trade it for what's behind the curtain.
SIGNED
Oh, my husband Gregor would tell me to keep the envelope—so I'll take what's behind the curtain.
PICK ME! PICK ME!
POLAR BEAR CLUB
Woolworth
CAVIAR
MADE IN STURGEON
...AND ME WITHOUT MY LONG UNDERWEAR!

And a good choice you made! Because inside the envelope is ... nothing! Comrade Jay—show us what's behind the curtain...
A pair of dungarees! From Levi-Strauss of America, a pair of real cowboy pants; with pre-stained and pre-worn condition, value on the black market—242 rubles.
Oh, my son has wanted a pair since he was a little boy.
How old is he now?
FORTY-TWO!
I hope you comrades are prepared to make some 'good moves' HA HA!
Now, would you like what's in my pocket, or what's in the box on stage?
We take what's in your pocket, Comrade Monty.
Alright—here it is—a pocketful of lint! Better luck next time Mr. Spassky.
For you, I have a special deal—four quarts of oil—or what's behind the curtain!
Oh, I could use the oil change—but I'll take a chance with the curtain!
You sure?
Yes.
APPLAUSE OR ELSE
1
2
YOU'VE SEEN EVERYTHING
8

Comrade, you've chosen . . . a bucket of wheat!
I don't know what to say, I'm so happy! Wheat, oh wheat— Comrade Monty, you're a real comrade!
Now Comrades, it's time for our final deal of the day.
Are you willing to trade your dungarees for a chance at one of the doors?
Yes— maybe I'll win a collection of Beatle records!
WE
LUV
COMRADE
MONT
YOU BETTER A DEAL
YOUR PHOTO 10 RUBALS
And will you trade your wheat for a big deal?
Why not? America traded wheat and got a raw deal. Maybe I'll do better.
HANDS OFF!
BORLOV SPEEDY SIGN CO.
I CAN'T SEE!
LAUGH OR ELSE
HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!
And the chess family— will they trade their lint for a door?
MY SIGN IS BEST!
You bet!
PROVE IT!
WE BETTER MAKE A DEEL!
HOORAY FOR MONTY!
BOZO
EXTRA SIGNS

Well, you chose door number two . . . and you win **an electric blanket**! Guaranteed to warm you to at least forty degrees on those cold nights, this electric blanket comes to you courtesy of the black market!
I'm overwhelmed Comrade Monty. Now, if only I could get electricity too . . .
SNIFF
You traded your **wheat** for Door Number 3 . . . let's see what you've won.
Well Comrade Monty, he's won just that—the door . . . This fine door is made of the finest natural pressed sawdust. It fits and should provide you with generations of household pleasure.
Gee, I've never had a real door on my house . . .
3
And now for our last door, Number one.
The Grand Prize of the day—a one-way ticket to Siberia! Yes, the trip of a lifetime—and you'll be there a lifetime!
You'll depart Moscow on the 4 AM Siberia Special, stopping in Rybinsk, Vologda and Leningrad for cattle pickups!
1
You'll travel aboard the finest open-door ventilated Soviet boxcars! Arriving in Siberia four months later, a welcoming committee which will take your luggage, jewelry and other personal belongings!
You'll stay in cozy, communal-style housing enjoying the simple pleasures of working with your hands—tilling fields, building houses, walls and cesspools.
When—and if—you return from your Siberian holiday, your friends won't even recognize the new you!
SNIFF
BLUB
WAAAA
SIBERIA'S FAR OUT
RIP-OFF
BRYN MAWR
And this all comes to you courtesy of the Soviet Secret Police!!!
Quite a prize, eh? Why, he can barely contain himself. **Stay tuned now for the favorite Soviet celebrity quiz show, KREMLIN SQUARES!**

MAKE EVERY DAY A HAPPY DAY! VOTE FOR

FONZIE

FOR PRESIDENT!

☆ ☆

THE REPUBLICANS HAVE SAT ON THEIR RUMPS IN WASHINGTON!
THE DEMOCRATS HAVE SAT ON THEIR DUFFS TOO!
LET THE FONZ 'SIT ON IT' IN THE WHITE HOUSE!

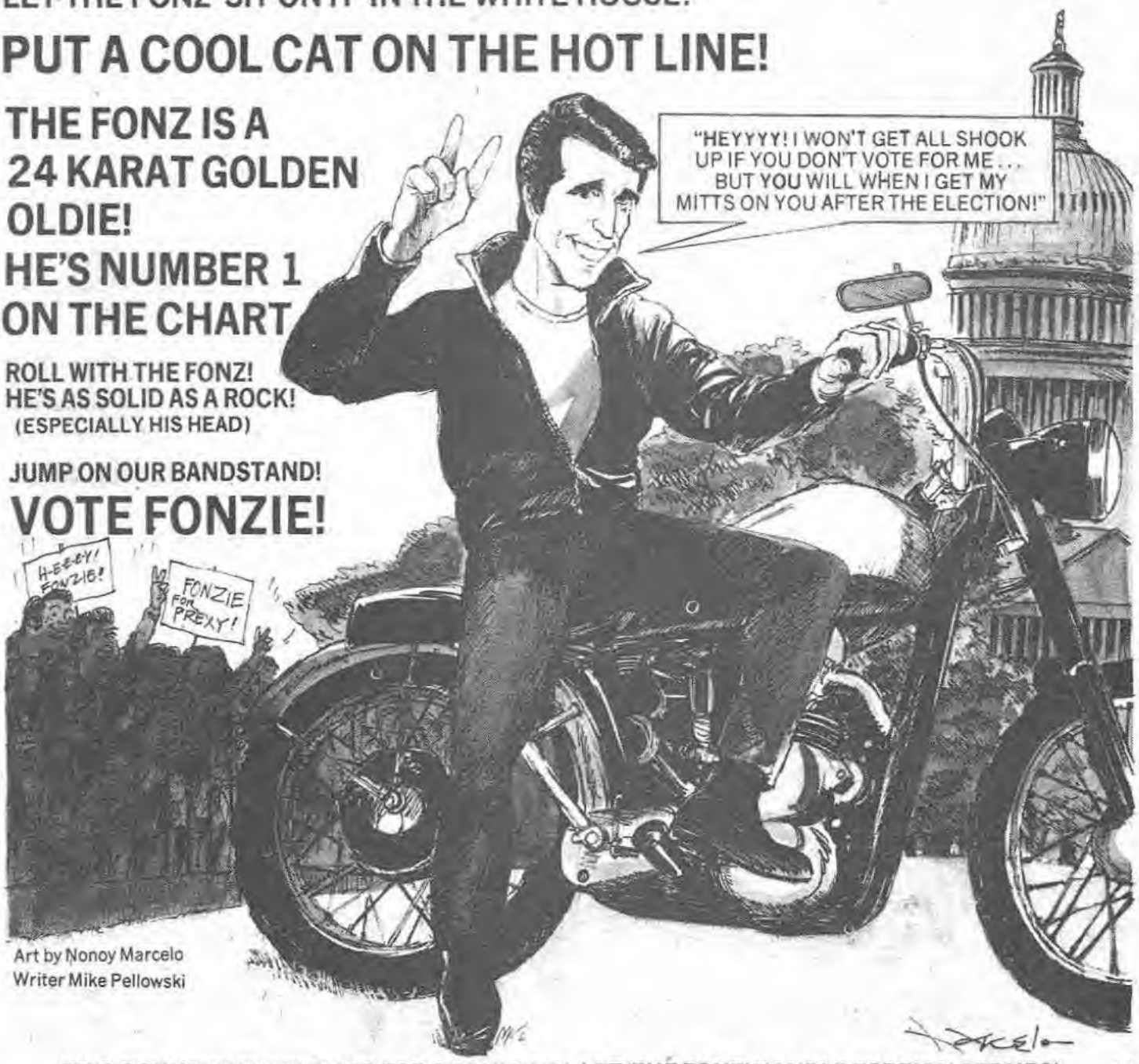
PUT A COOL CAT ON THE HOT LINE!

THE FONZ IS A 24 KARAT GOLDEN OLDIE!
HE'S NUMBER 1 ON THE CHART

ROLL WITH THE FONZ!
HE'S AS SOLID AS A ROCK!
(ESPECIALLY HIS HEAD)

JUMP ON OUR BANDSTAND!

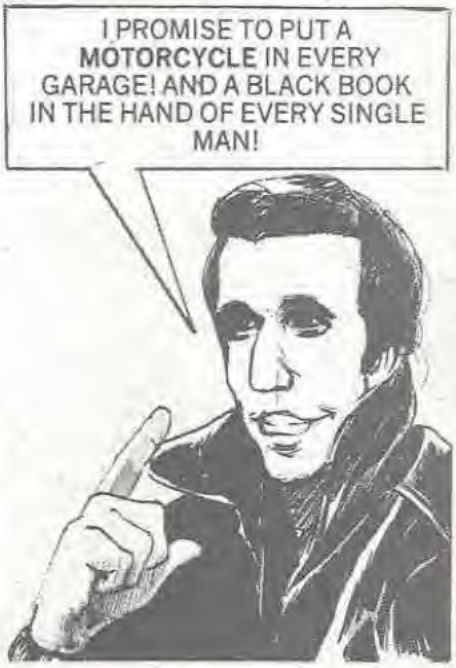
VOTE FONZIE!



Art by Nonoy Marcelo
Writer Mike Pellowski

THIS COUNTRY IS CRUISING FOR A BRUISING! LET 'THE FONZ' HANDLE FOREIGN AFFAIRS!
HE'S HAD PLENTY OF AFFAIRS!

FONZIE'S CAMPAIGN PROMISES!!



FONZIE'S COOL CABINET!

☆ ☆

VICE PRESIDENT . . . LAVINE DEFUZZIO!

SECRETARY OF TREASURY . . . RALPH MOUTH!

SECRETARY OF LABOR . . . ARNOLD!

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE . . . SHIRLEE

SECRETARY OF STATE . . . RICHIE CLODDINGHAM! . . . INTERIOR . . . PLOPSY WEBLER!

SECRETARIES OF HEALTH, EDUCATION AND WELFARE . . . HOWIED AND MERRIAN CLODDINGHAM!

SECRETARIES OF DEFENSE . . . SQUIGGLE AND LENKNEE!

It started many years ago, when a candy bar was named after a baseball hero. More recently, a household cleaner was christened "Mr. Clean" and now there's a perfume called, of all things, "Charlie." All this makes us wonder what it might be like . . .

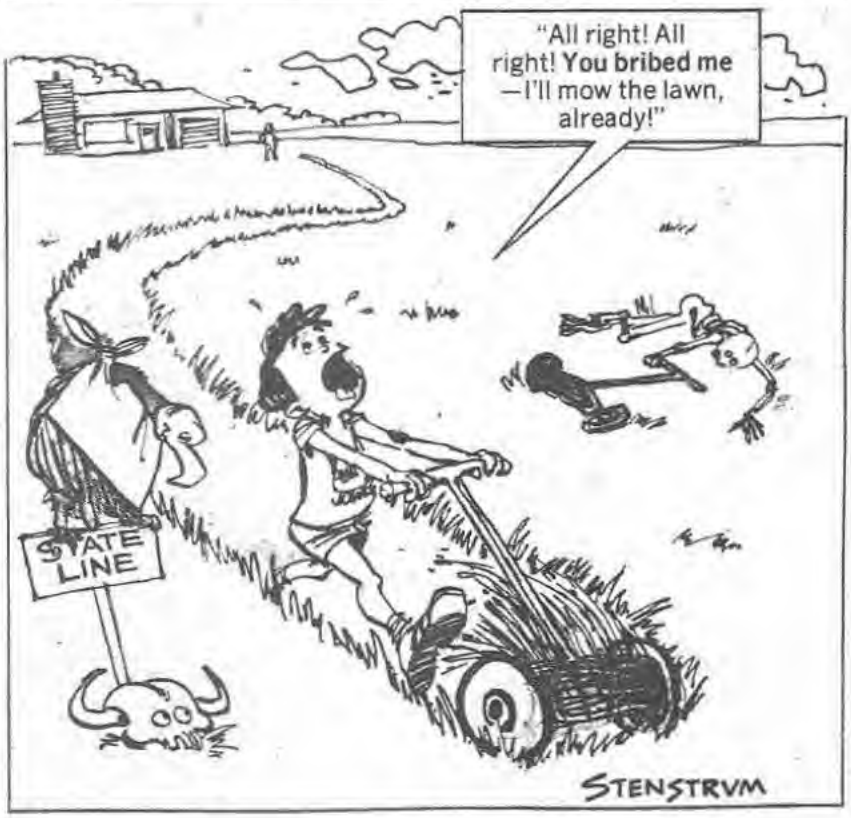
IF PRODUCTS WERE NAMED AFTER PEOPLE

Coma, our **coffee** tastes **lousy** lately.
That's 'cause you're not using **Max**. He's the only one I sell. If you've got an electric percolator, **Max** ought to be in it!
APPLES 5 FOR 93¢
Help! Let me out!
We tied Sheilah here to **Mario Andretti's** front **bumper**, and after six hours and **184 grueling laps**, Sheilah was still running after Mario stopped. Now **THAT'S** a timepiece! **Wouldn't YOU** like to have a piece like Sheilah attached to YOU?
Our Leonard fits your legs, he hugs them, he holds them, he never lets them go . . .
Leonard, stop that! Let go of my legs!
. . . so if you want to take beautiful pictures, use this Jean A. Eff Movie Projector—it's the **greatest**! And if—
And if you want to take even **MORE** beautiful pictures, use Jean A. Eff Color Film—it's the filmiest! And if—
And if you want to **DROP** your **Jean A. Eff Movie** Projector and Jean A. Eff Color Film, make sure you drop them on a **Jean A. Eff Tile Floor** . . .
Nuts!
Bug off!
NEBRASKA TELEVISION NETWORK
How come you don't ever talk about ME once in a while, Dad?
A-EFF
Because they **PAY** me to talk about Jean, Jane. You don't need anybody to talk about you—they do it all the time!
Mmm, this is good with butter on it.
Margarine!
PARKAY
Butter!
Margarine!
PARKAY
Don't contradict me—you're butter!
Margery!
Margery?
PARKAY
Would you believe **Annabelle May**?
PARKAY

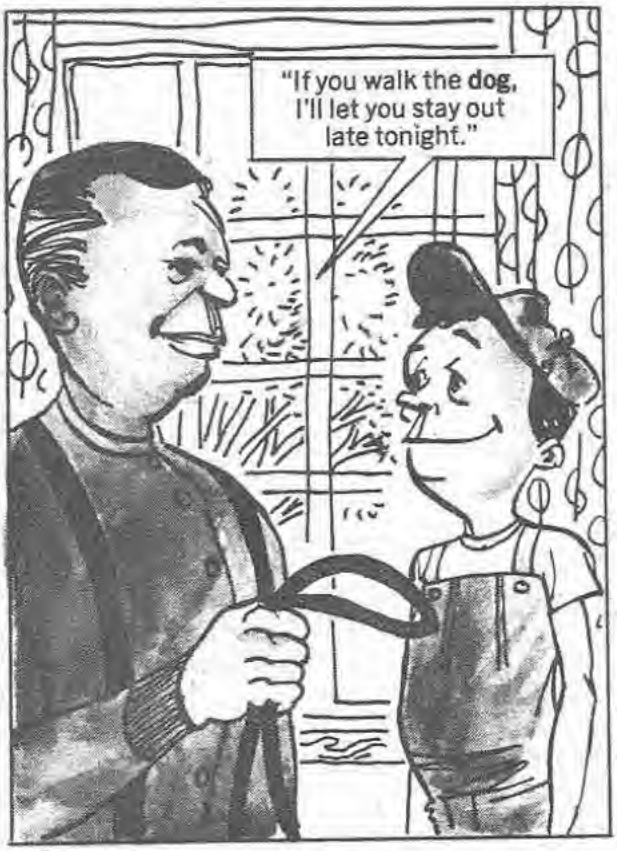
The classic family like our country's former President employs a classic way of getting things done. Namely, bribes. As long as kept in the family, there's little wrong with this method. Unfortunately, few bribes seldom if ever work out as originally anticipated. SICK investigates this classic phenomenon in the not quite so classic article . . .

Family Bribes

Art by Jim Stenstrum



APOSTLES VNION LOCAL XIII WELCOMES J.C.


"If you walk the **dog**, I'll let you stay out late tonight."

"All right! All right! **You bribed me**—I'll walk the dog, already!"

"If you **babysit** for me, you can have a party next week."

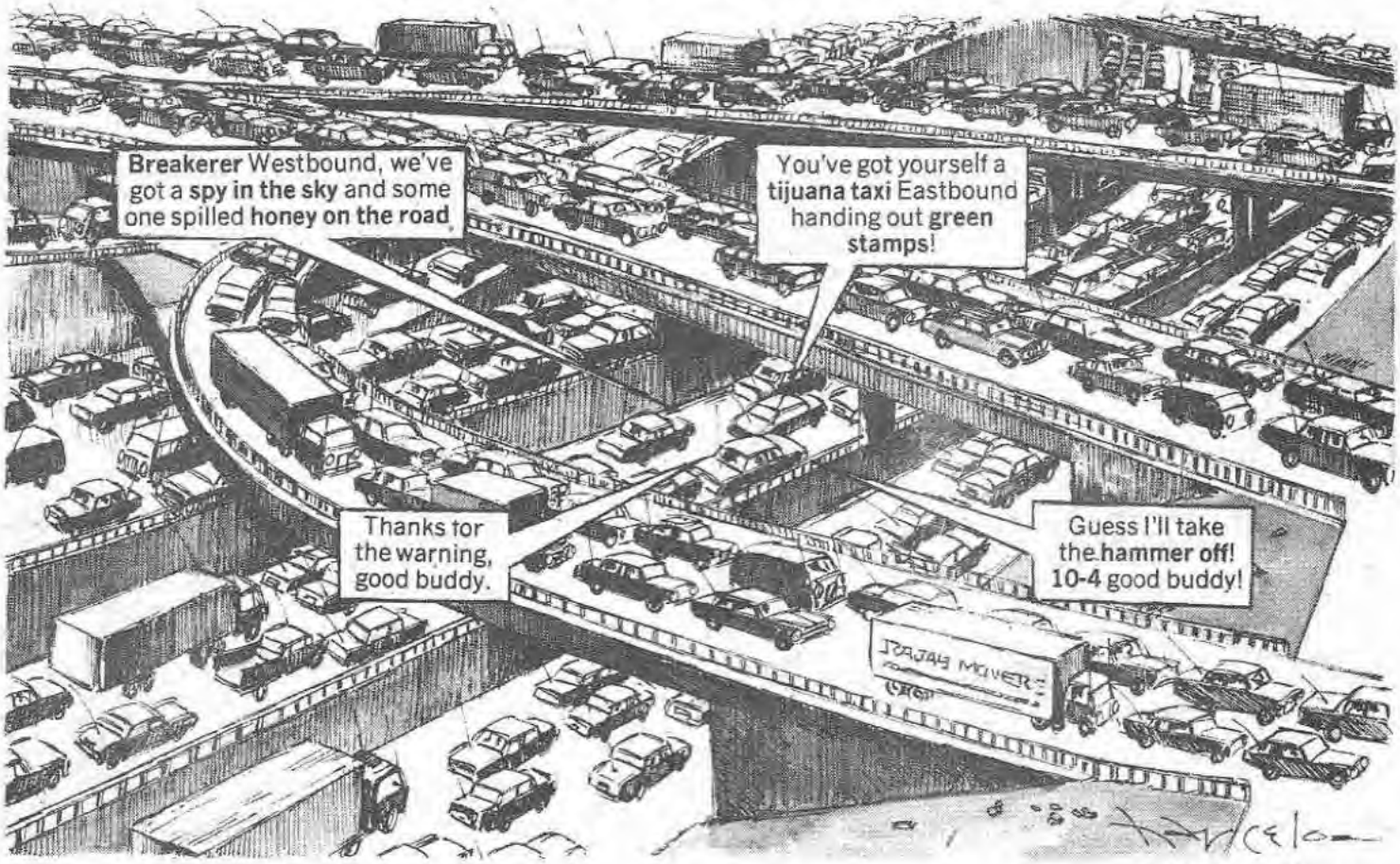
"All right! All right! **You bribed me**—I'll baby-sit, already!"

TATTOOS
Art by Dick Ayers
"You should see me walk down Madison Avenue—with a blonde on one shoulder and a brunette on the other . . ."
49th
MADISON AVE
"I never knew you had a **Volkswagen tattooed** on your chest!"
"It used to be a **Mac truck tattooed** on my chest—when I was fat!!!"
"Really? Who does your **tattooing!!?**"
MADISON AVE E 49th
E PLURIBUS CONDOM
TRASH
"I want a flower tattoo to describe my personality . . . Maybe a **rose tattoo!**"
$10.00
$25.00
$5.00
$30.00
"Maybe poison ivy—That **describes** your lousy personality!!!"

"Let me get this straight, sissy—You want a **butterfly** and **bee tattoo?**"
I AM THE GREATEST
"I dance like ah **butterfly**, I sting like ah **bee**— Ya better cool it, **turkey**: Cause mah name's **Muhammad Ali!**"
LOVE ME
"Why do you have a **sinking ship tattooed** on your arm?"
"I was captain of the **Titanic!!!**"
"That's the first time I ever saw an **electric toaster** tattooed on someone's chest!"
"That's no electric toaster— that's my wife!"
SWEETHEART
"You some kinda nut?!!"
"I'm the Bionic Man!!!"
19

Adventures of C.B. FAMILY

As CB Father heads home . . .



Art by Nonoy Marcelo

That night, our CB family is sitting in the living room, deciding what to do . . .

Here's your barley pop . . . How was the big slab today?
Aw, the bears were crawling! I got myself bit on the seat of the britches!!
Next time you'll cool it!
Heck! a bozo in a bird nearly blew my doors off!
Daddy, can I go boogieing tonight?
I thought we'd all watch the boob tube?
Next flipper, I'll be in the fifty dollar lane!
I hope so!
Hey, mamma, let's take muskrat to an outdoor T.V.!
Whadaya say?
I'm gonna go to 100!
How about the other rug rats?
Let's make that a 10-4 and get it truckin'!

CBers' GROSSARY SECTION–A PARTIAL LISTING OF CB SLANG

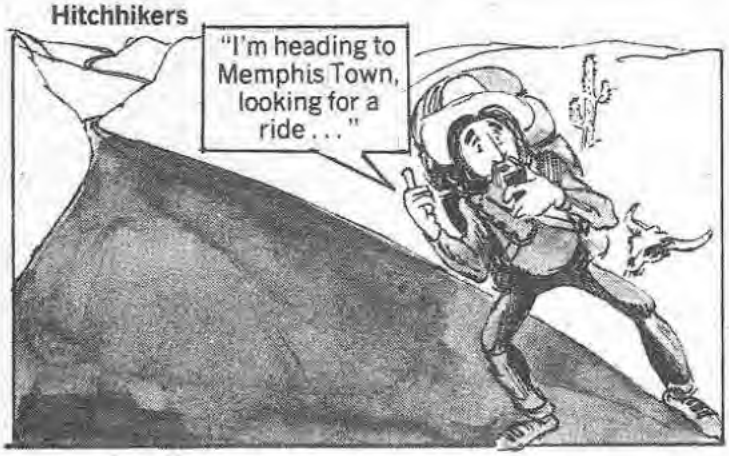
BREAKER	request for use of a channel
TOILET MOUTH	CBer who uses foul language on the air
HANDLE	Code name CBers use in transmission
MODULATE	Talk
SPY IN THE SKY	Police aircraft
SPILLED HONEY ON THE ROAD	State troopers ahead all over
TIJUANA TAXI	Local policecar; ambulance
GREEN STAMPS	Speeding tickets
HAMMER OFF	Slow down
ADIOS	Finished talking; signoff
10-4	Affirmative (OK)
BACK AND FORTH	Talk
ANL	Automatic Noise Limiter
BARLEY POP	Beer
BEAVER	Girl
BIG SLAB	Expressway
BEARS ARE CRAWLING	Police are switching from side to side of the expressway.
BIT ON THE SEAT OF THE BRITCHES	To get a speeding ticket
BOZOS	Late night CBers
BIRD	Thunderbird
BLEW MY DOORS OFF	Passed me with much speed
BOOGIEING	Nightclubbing
BOOB TUBE	Television
FLIPPER	Return trip
FIFTY DOLLAR LANE	Passing Lane
GO TO 100	Restroom stop
MUSKRAT	Child

CB RADIOS GET ANY MORE POPULAR WE'LL SOON SEE CBs for . . .

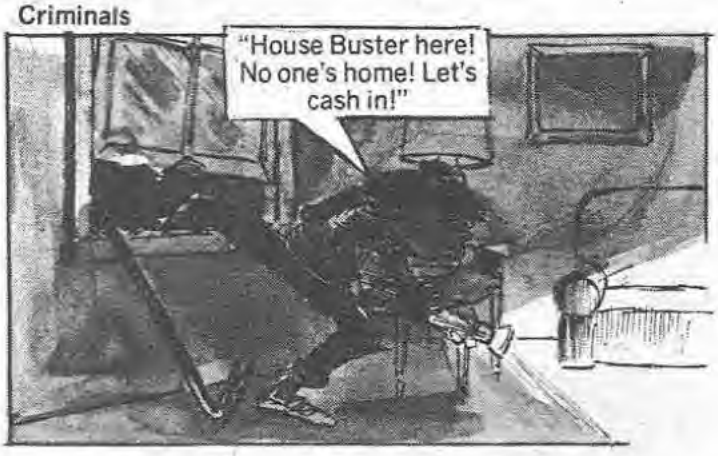
Bicycles

Horses

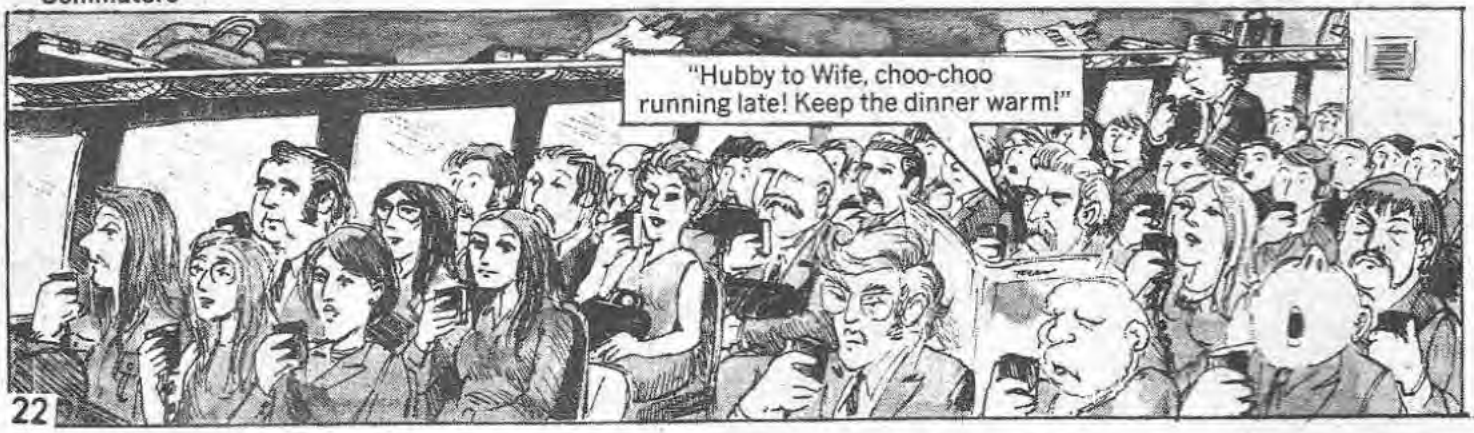
Hitchhikers



Criminals



Commuters



In this issue, SICK reviews THE SHOOTIST! This movie is so violent, John Wayne's horse sues for divorce! The story opens with John Wayne riding into Carson City, Nevada. There he learns that he has only a short time to live—about 90 minutes, or the length of this film! Because of all the shooting and blood, we decided to give this movie a 3 ketchup bottle rating—which is also one of the reason s we call this movie spoof . . .

THE SHOT-IST

Written by Jim Simon

JOHN WAYNE and JAMES STEWART are two long-time friends in Paramount Picture's THE SHOOTIST. Their friendship lasts until the end of this movie—which in Hollywood, is considered a long-time friendship.

JAMES STEWART plays the doctor. JAMES STEWART would rather play the doctor to a pretty young nurse . . . but in those days pretty young nurses hadn't yet been invented! Monday, January

22, 1901, J.B. Books (JOHN WAYNE) comes to Carson City for a physical. He is the last of a dying breed. In fact, the doctor tells Breed . . . er . . . Books, "You're dying!"

Breed . . . er . . . Books grits his teeth when he hears the bad news

"Now tell me the good news," he demands.

"You have eight days to live," mumbles the doc.

Books grits his teeth, then goes outside and shoots the doc's horse!

Books checks into the local rooming house. He knows it's the local rooming house when he meets Gillom Rogers (RON HOWARD) sweeping the front lawn.

"Hi!" says Gillom. "I'm local!"

Books tells him to kiss his ass—meaning, of course, his donkey!

At this, Mrs Rogers (LAUREN BACALL) pops onto the porch. She tells her son to quit sweeping the lawn and to sweep the sidewalk. Then she sees Books.

"Hi!" she says. "I'm Mrs Local!"

Books, disgusted, grits his teeth. "That's the worst Bogart imitation I've ever heard!" he yells at her.

"That's the worst John Wayne imitation I've ever heard!" she yells back.

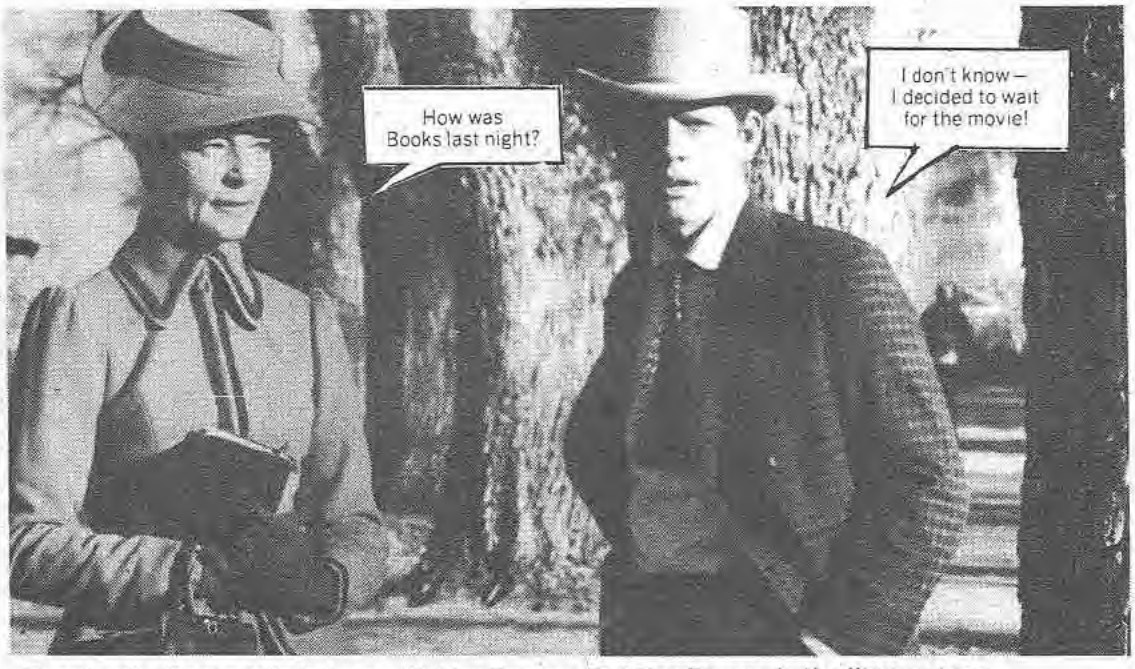
They both grit their teeth.

Here, Books gives Mrs Rogers some backtalk! He demands a room to rent. She tells him there are no vacancies, but he can have a room if he's willing to share it with her daughter.

"Fine!" grits Books.

"Come back in five years," announces Mrs Rogers, "I should have a daughter by then!"

Books grits. The film begins to remind us of another John Wayne movie—TRUE GRIT!



Eventually, Books falls in love with Mrs Rogers. But Mrs Rogers is the literary type. She wants to read Books in bed! First she discusses the situation with her son.

"Heck!" says Gillom, "The film is half over and still no hanky-panky! I'd say your Books is overdue!"

Mrs Rogers promptly goes home and checks Books out! Books takes so long to try anything, she has to pay a late fee!

Finally, Gillom discovers that Books is trying to hide his past as the fastest gun in the West. Also, he discovers that Books is dying.

"They call me THE SHOOTIST!" says Books.

"They oughta call you THE SHOT-IST!" snaps back Gillom. "Especially since you'll be dead by Tuesday!"

Soon the whole town knows the famous gunslinger, J.B. Books, is residing in Carson City, Nevada! Books is suddenly very popular—especially with several gunslingers who want the honor of curing Book's disease—with a .45 slug through the neck! Even his old flame, Serepta (SHEREE NORTH) pays him a visit! She asks permission to write his biography with the Nexada City newspaper editor!

"I want to write your life story!" the editor proposes.

"Hurry up—My life story only has two more days to be told!" replies Books.

Apparently, the SHOT-IST's life story is going to make a very short book!

Everybody wants to get into the act—even the town pervert! Here the town pervert confronts Books in the middle of Grand Central Station. You can't tell it's Grand Central Station from this photograph. But believe us, it's Grand Central Station—the Carson City Grand Central Station! Any minute now, the town pervert will run into the restroom and draw an obscene picture of John Wayne's horse!

Books can't take it anymore! He goes to the Metropole Saloon where gunslingers Sweeny (RICHARD BOONE), Pulford (HUGH O'BRIAN) and Cobb (BILL McKINNEY) are waiting to give him a bang-up party! J.B. Books threatens to join Alcoholics Anonymous when he orders a whiskey with three shots and Sweeny, Pulford and Cobb start shooting at him!

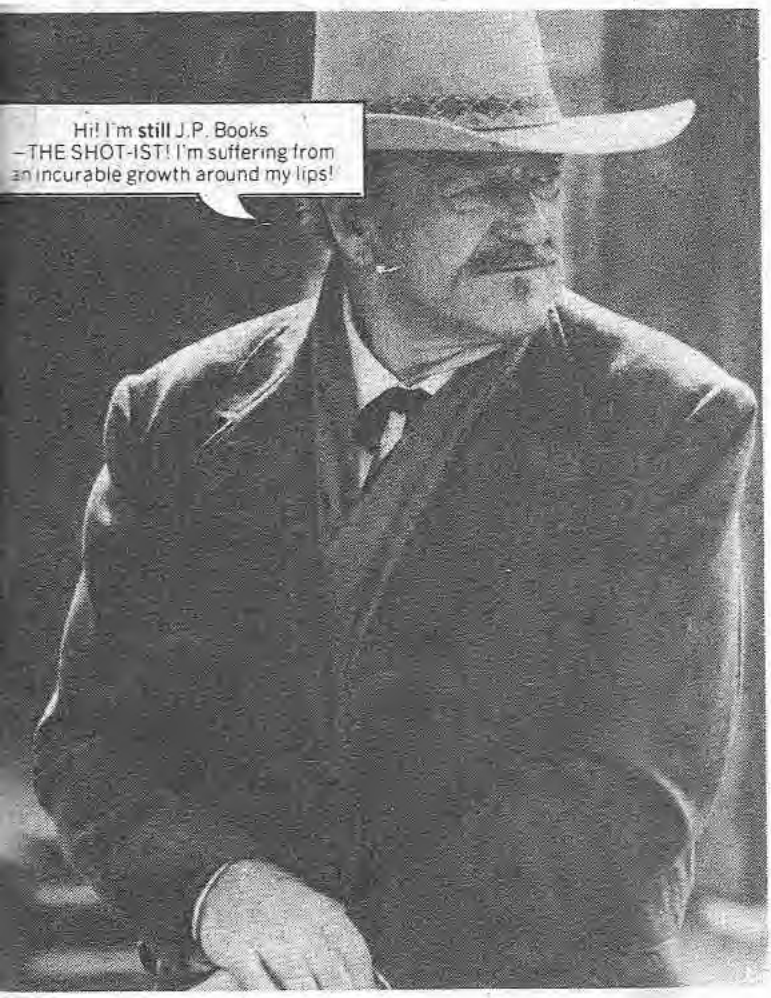
This party is **really** a bang-up! Guns are going "bang" all over the place! Books kills Sweeny, Pulford and Cobb; then asks the bartender what time it is. "High Noon!" the bartender yells, giving Books a shot on the house. Books slumps to the floor.

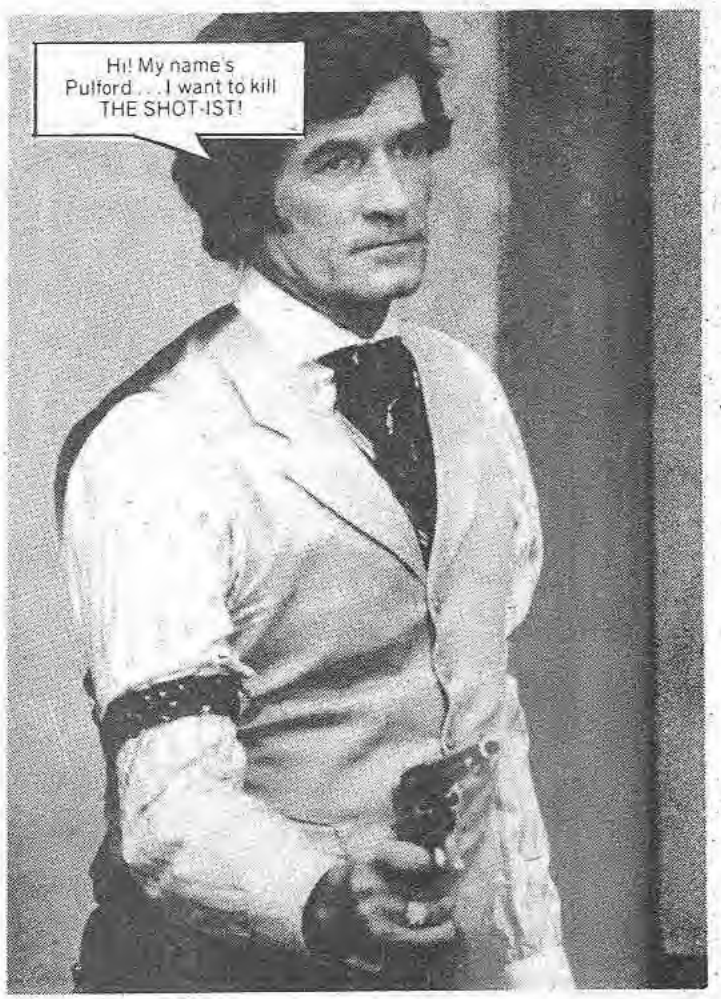
Gillom bursts into the Saloon. He sees the bartender shooting Books in the back!

"Self-service!" shouts Gillom. He takes his own shot—at the bartender!

But Books is already dead. And Gillo only looks once at the SHOT-IST's pistol before throwing it through the window and walking sadly away.

The important messages in this important film are 1: Guns and alcohol don't mix, especially with pretzels; 2: If you're shot to begin with, you can't hold your liquor; and 3: People who are stoned shouldn't throw pistols through glass windows!



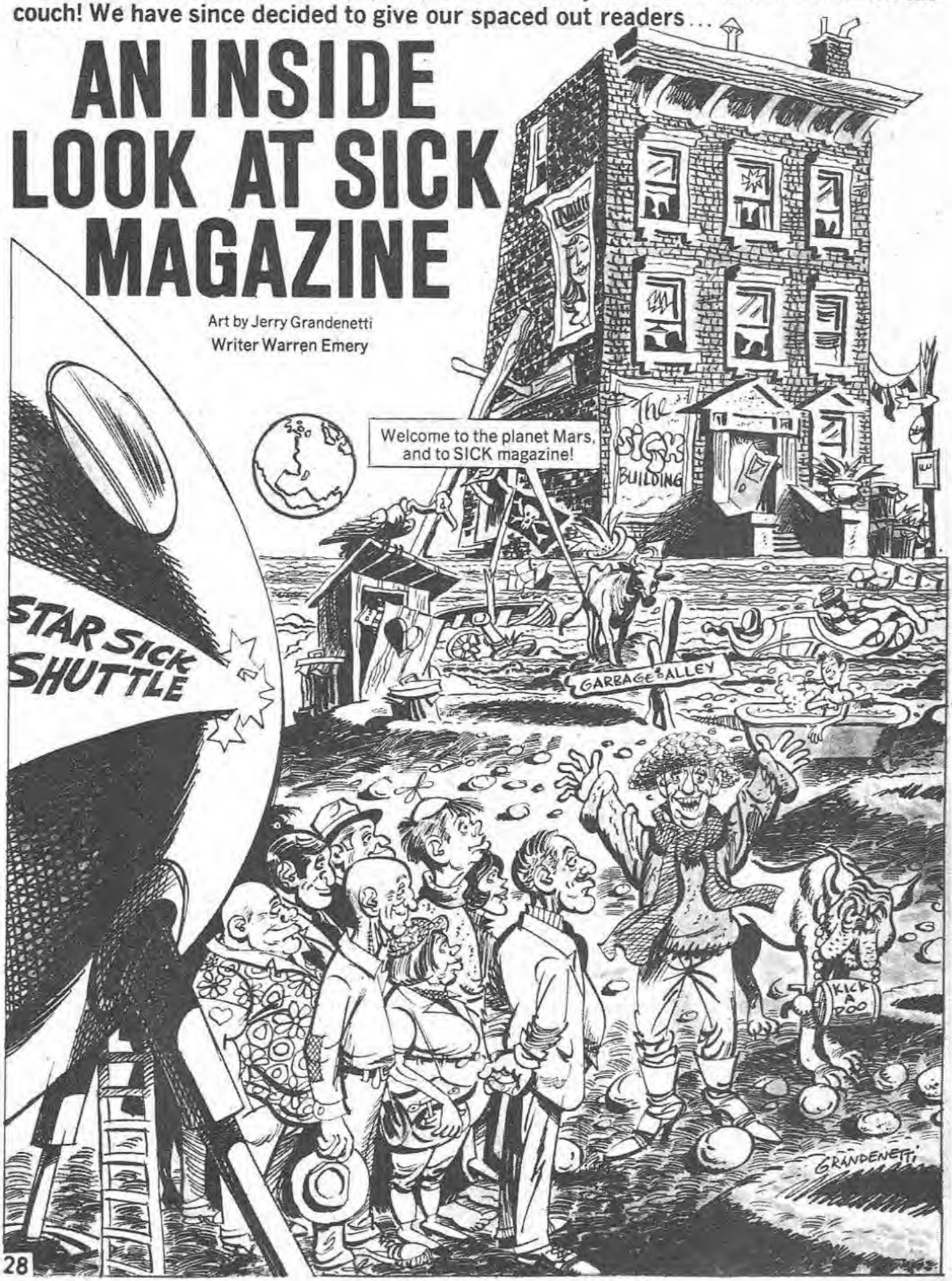


A SICK LOOK AT THE SICK MAGAZINE OFFICES

After we were banned **on earth and moved to our new** publishing headquarters **on Mars a lot of people have been asking us what** really **goes on inside the offices of SICK magazine. In fact, our Martian psychiatrist constantly asks us to talk about it—on his couch! We have since decided to give our spaced out readers ...**

AN INSIDE LOOK AT SICK MAGAZINE

Art by Jerry Grandenetti
Writer Warren Emery



On our tour we first get a glimpse of the Personnel Department in progress!
You're looking for an editorial job with Sick?
You're overeducated for us!
Yes, I'm a Ph.D. in English . . .
EXIT
PERSONNEL DEPT
And I've had 16 years of magazine experience . . .
Overqualified, too!
And my I.Q. is 173 . . .
That does it! Don't you know intelligent people are never hired here?
I just graduated from high school, I have no editing skills or experience, and I'd like to apply for—
When can you start?
What's his job here!
. . . and all editorial decisions are made on a highly professional basis . . .
Which manuscript shall we use?
That one.

These gentlemen are in the process of editing material.
How do you spell 'the'?
How about 'are'?
Teh.
Ar.
And 'you'?
Yuo.
SCREW
Thanks. I'm getting sick of all the hard words those show-off writers are using in their scripts lately!
Here's a clever script that just came in today. I just couldn't stop laughing.
Here's a funny one, too—I absolutely howled!
Boy, we've sure received a lot of **unacceptable scripts** lately, haven't we? I wish we'd get something we could **USE!**
Don't confuse that pile of papers as more Sick mail—it's just a pile of garbage.
EDITORIAL OFFICE
How am I supposed to **illustrate** this ridiculous piece?
Well, first you get a pen. Then you dip it in ink . . .
Who's he, the Managing Editor?
No, the office boy. He's practicing Important **Publishing-World Talk.**
4 chopped-liver on rye . . . 8 bacon, lettuce and tomato . . . 15 coffees, 9 with, 6 without . . .

He's the highest-paid employee we have.
But he's the **janitor!**
Sure, but he's the only one around here who knows what he's doing!

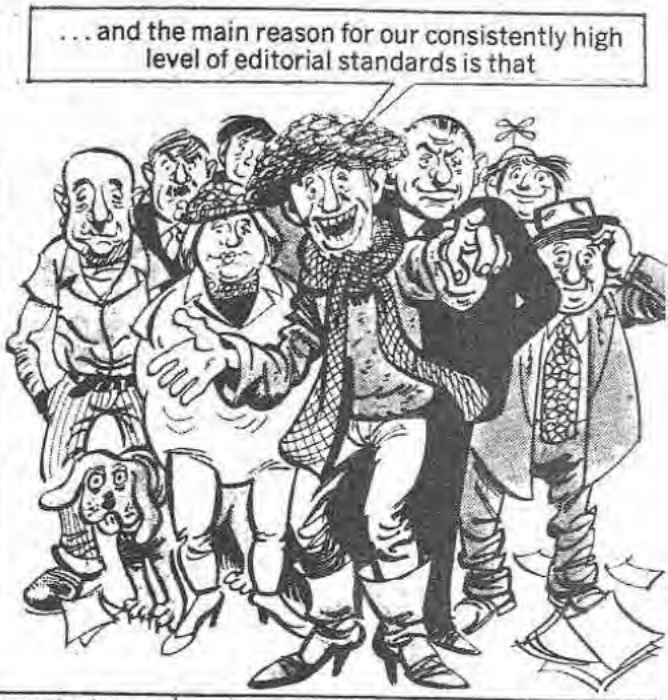
Can't you give me one single idea for improving Sick?
CONFERE NCE ROOM
Sure. Never buy any more trash from the idiot who wrote this piece!

We're from **SORDR-BS** . . . Save Our **Rapidly-Dwindling Resources** . . . by **Substitutions.** As you know, there is a growing shortage of toilet paper, and we'd like to ask you to help solve this problem and make a patriotic sacrifice by converting your publication into something it's much better suited for.
This will be an important decision for the principles of **Sick magazine!**
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Who are you, sir?
How come you're not working?
The advertising manager.
We don't sell advertising.

You have the wrong number, sir.
This is **Sick Magazine,** not a house organ for mental-hospital workers!
BAM BAM
WE STILL LOVE YOU RICHARD

From now on, Louise, you can just say we have 358 new subscribers, NOT 'we landed 358 more suckers'!
CIRCULATION DEPT.


. . . and the main reason for our consistently high level of editorial standards is that

HE has the final say about everything!
S
I
C
K

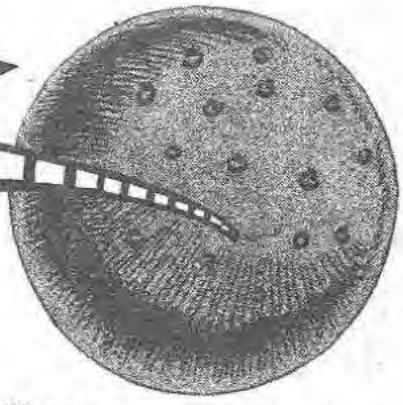
LATER . . .
You say the issue you're printing is a scream,
that all the pressmen are laughing their heads off? Thank God you called me in time!

We can't break the Sick tradition and put out an issue like that—

STOP THE PRESSES!
THE SICK BUILDING

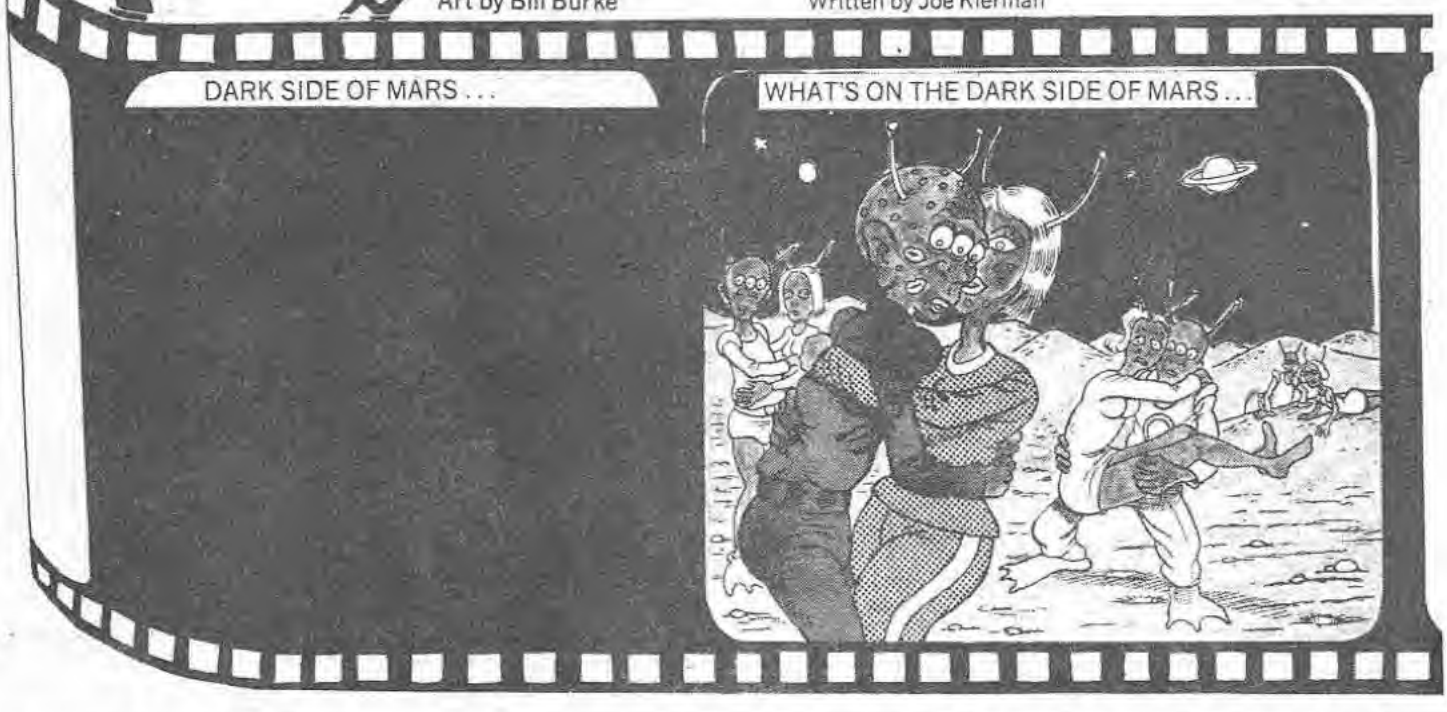
SICK has done it again! We just scored the publishing scoop of the year with these Viking 1 pictures of Mars! So here you are, Space Nuts -- another out-a-space, out-a-sight and out of our minds far-out article!

SMILE AND SAY MARS



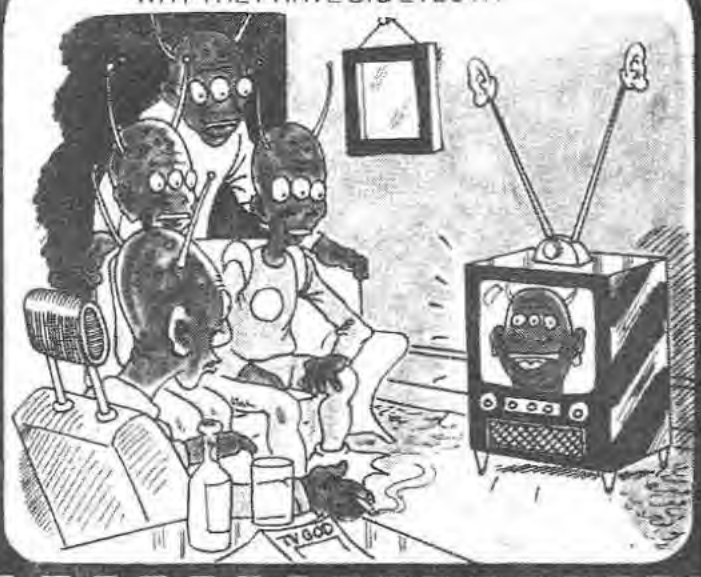
Art by Bill Burke

Written by Joe Kierman



A CLOSE-UP OF A MARTIAN'S BIG EYES . . .

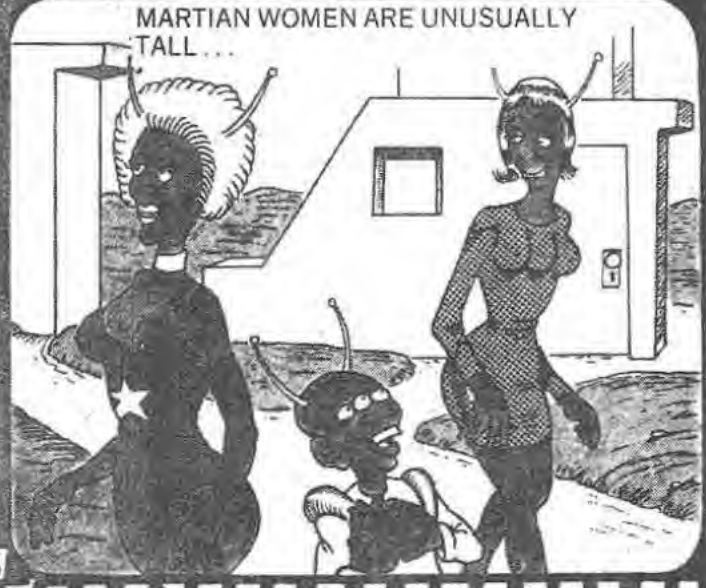
WHY THEY HAVE BIG EYES . . .



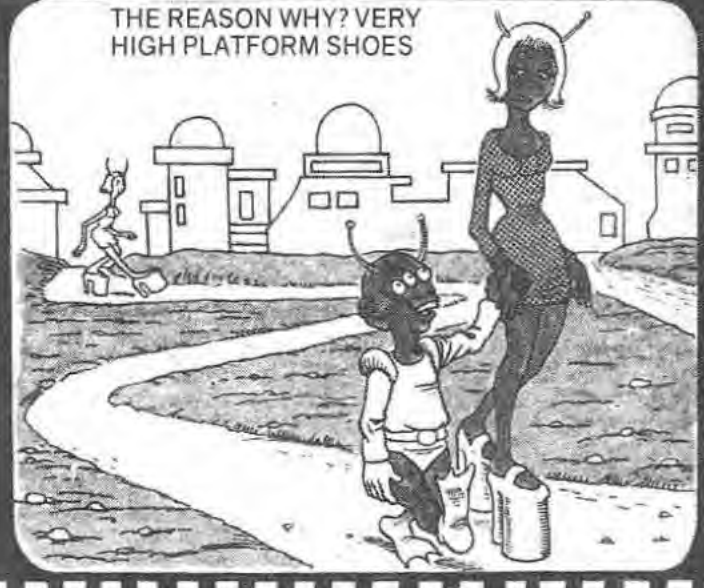
THIS IS A MARTIAN WOMAN . . .
(You thought they'd have 3 eyes, eh?!)

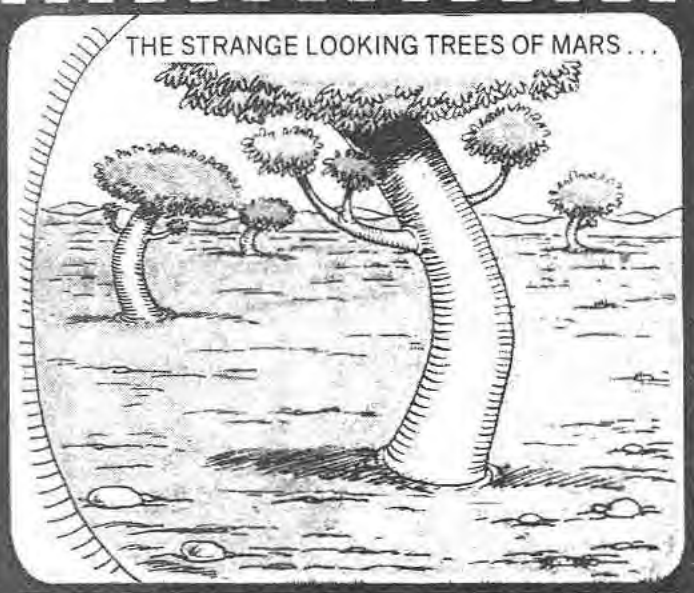
THEY DO NOT HAVE 3 EYES—
BUT THEY DO HAVE . . .

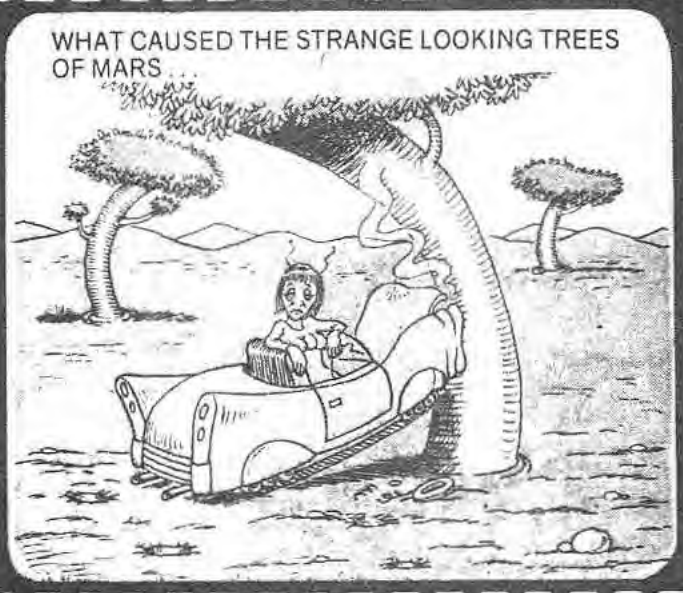
MARTIAN WOMEN ARE UNUSUALLY TALL . . .

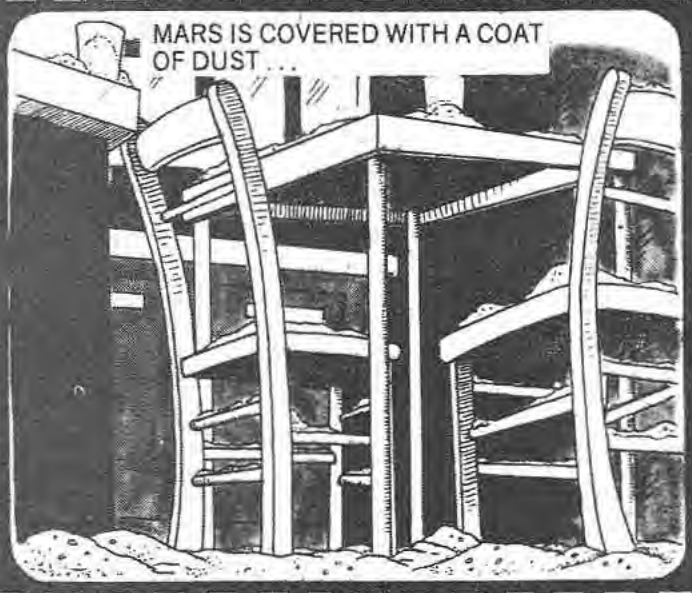


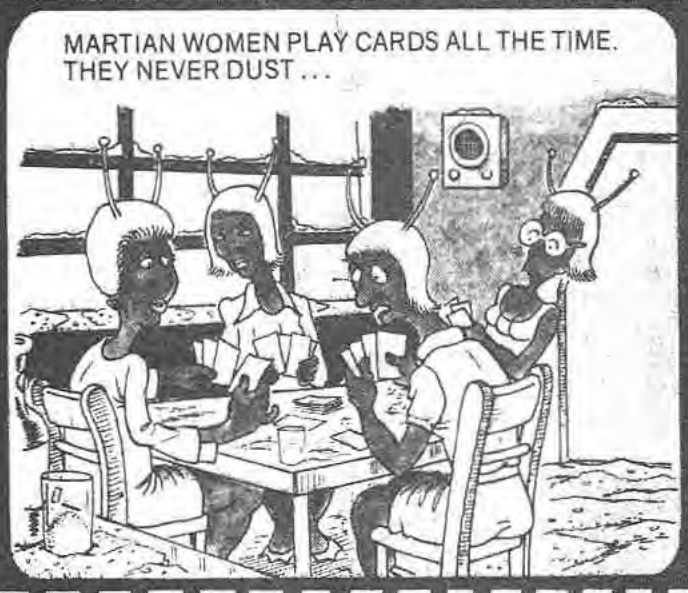
THE REASON WHY? VERY HIGH PLATFORM SHOES



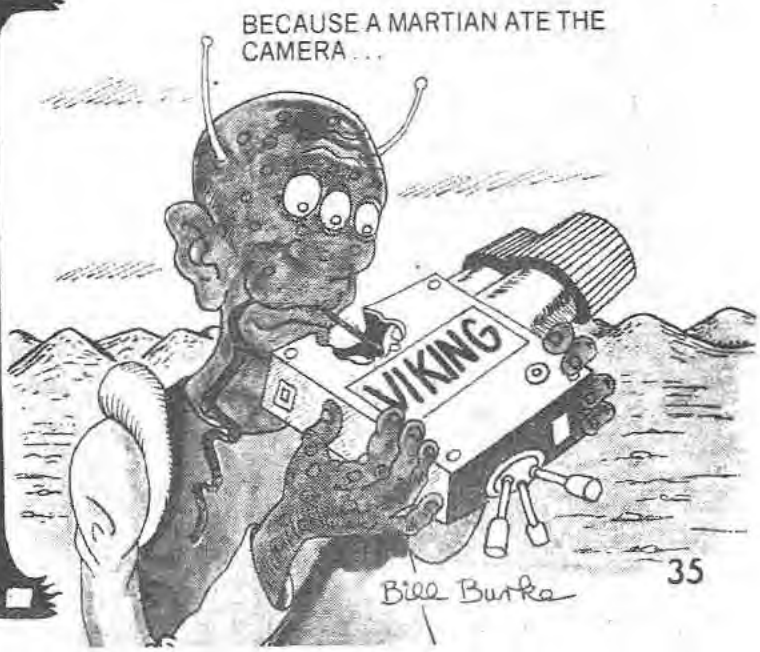

THE STRANGE LOOKING TREES OF MARS . . .


WHAT CAUSED THE STRANGE LOOKING TREES OF MARS . . .


MARS IS COVERED WITH A COAT OF DUST . . .


MARTIAN WOMEN PLAY CARDS ALL THE TIME. THEY NEVER DUST . . .

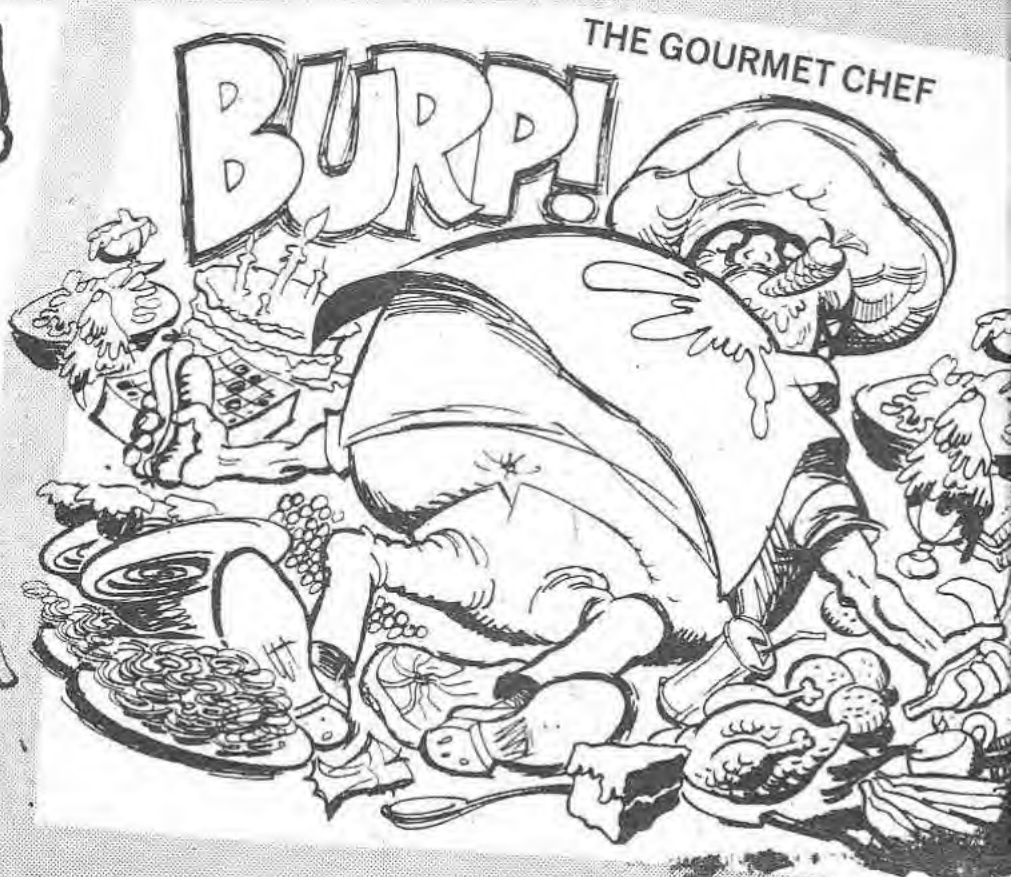
THESE WERE THE LAST PICTURES FROM MARS . . .


BECAUSE A MARTIAN ATE THE CAMERA . . .
VIKING
Bill Burke

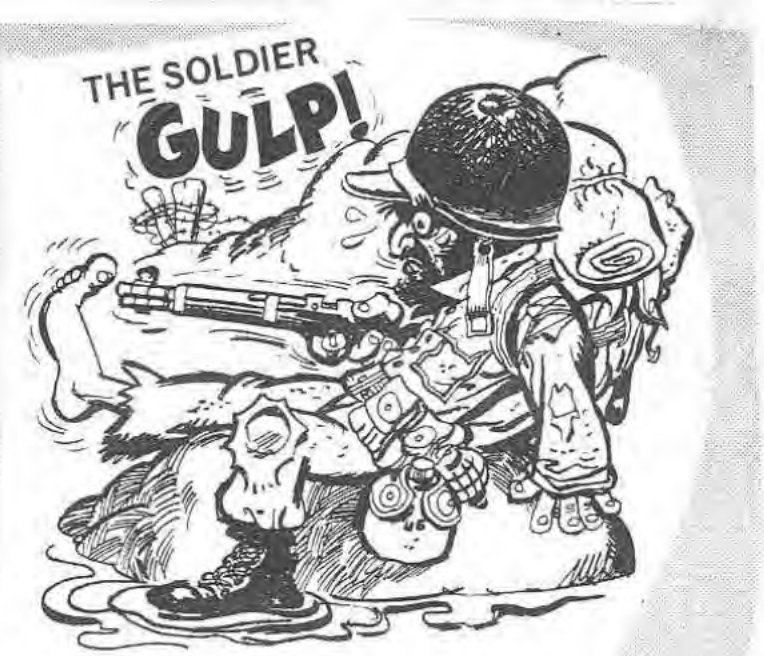
We've all seen the movie about the guy who dedicates his life to the biplane and when confronted with the jet engine, chooses to depart this life with a screaming nosedive. We've probably seen variations of this same movie hundreds of times. These films tend to glorify only the so-called "romantic" or exciting occupations.

But what about the poor slobs with ordinary jobs. When they decide to end it all, why shouldn't they go out in style, too . . . with style and wit and imagination . . . like these SICK examples of

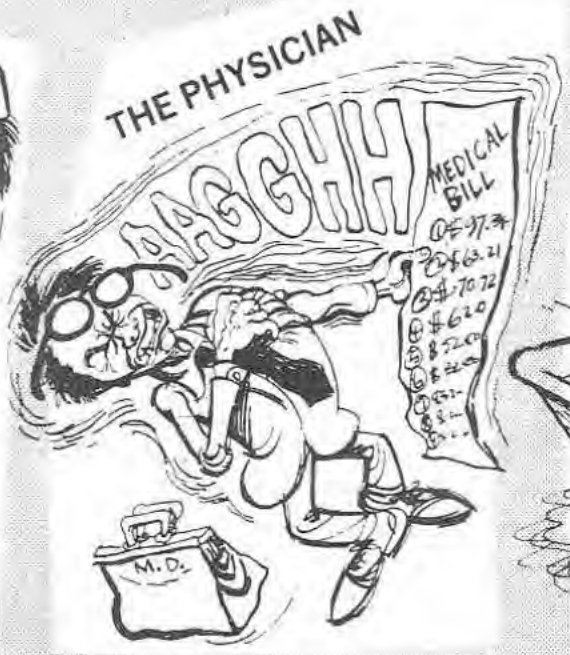
CREATIVE SUICIDES

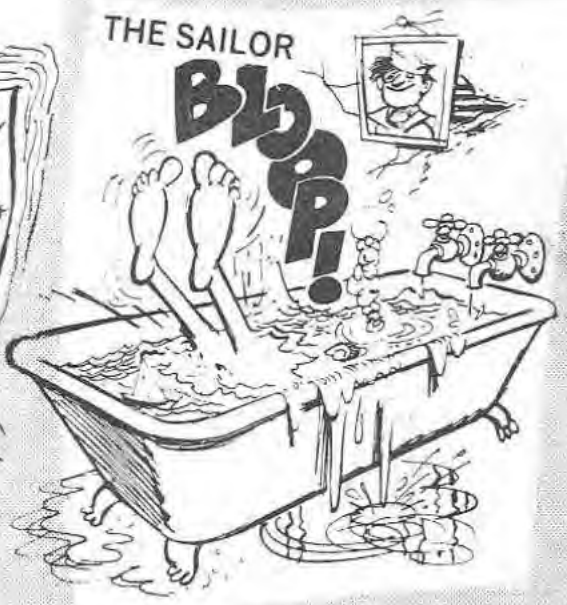


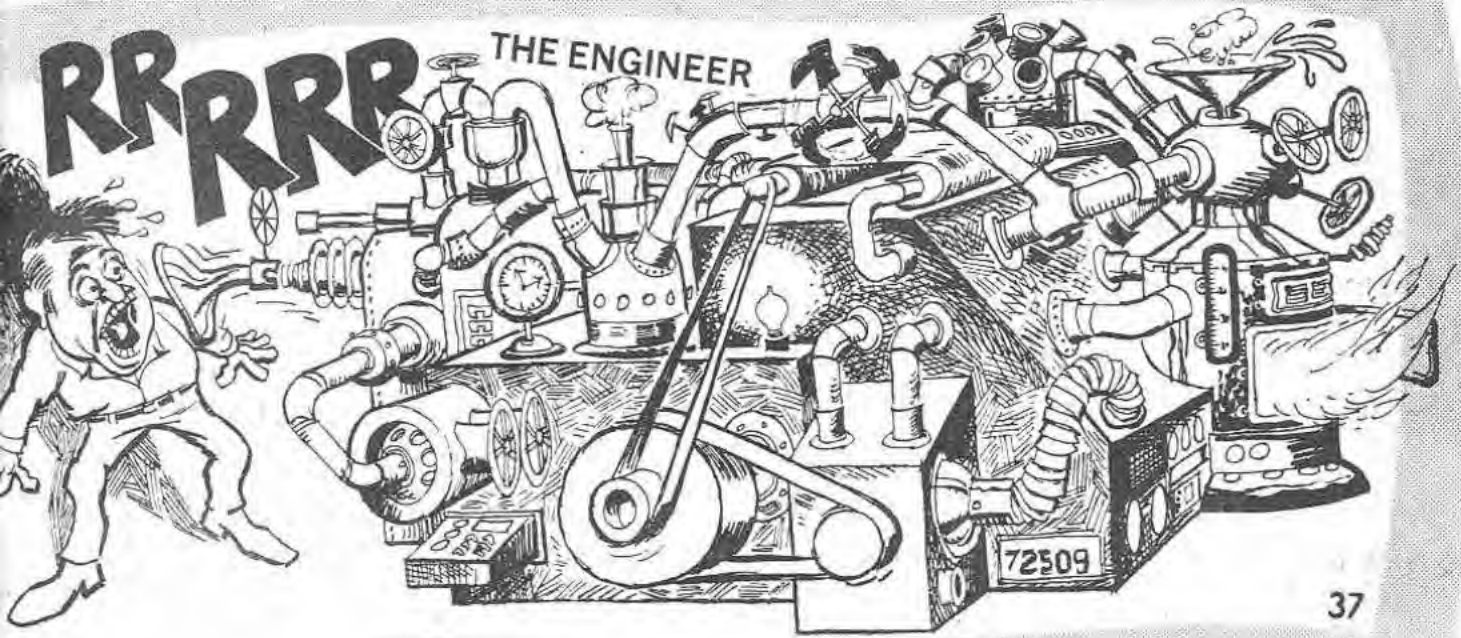
E PLUMBER
GLGG!


THE SOLDIER
GULP!

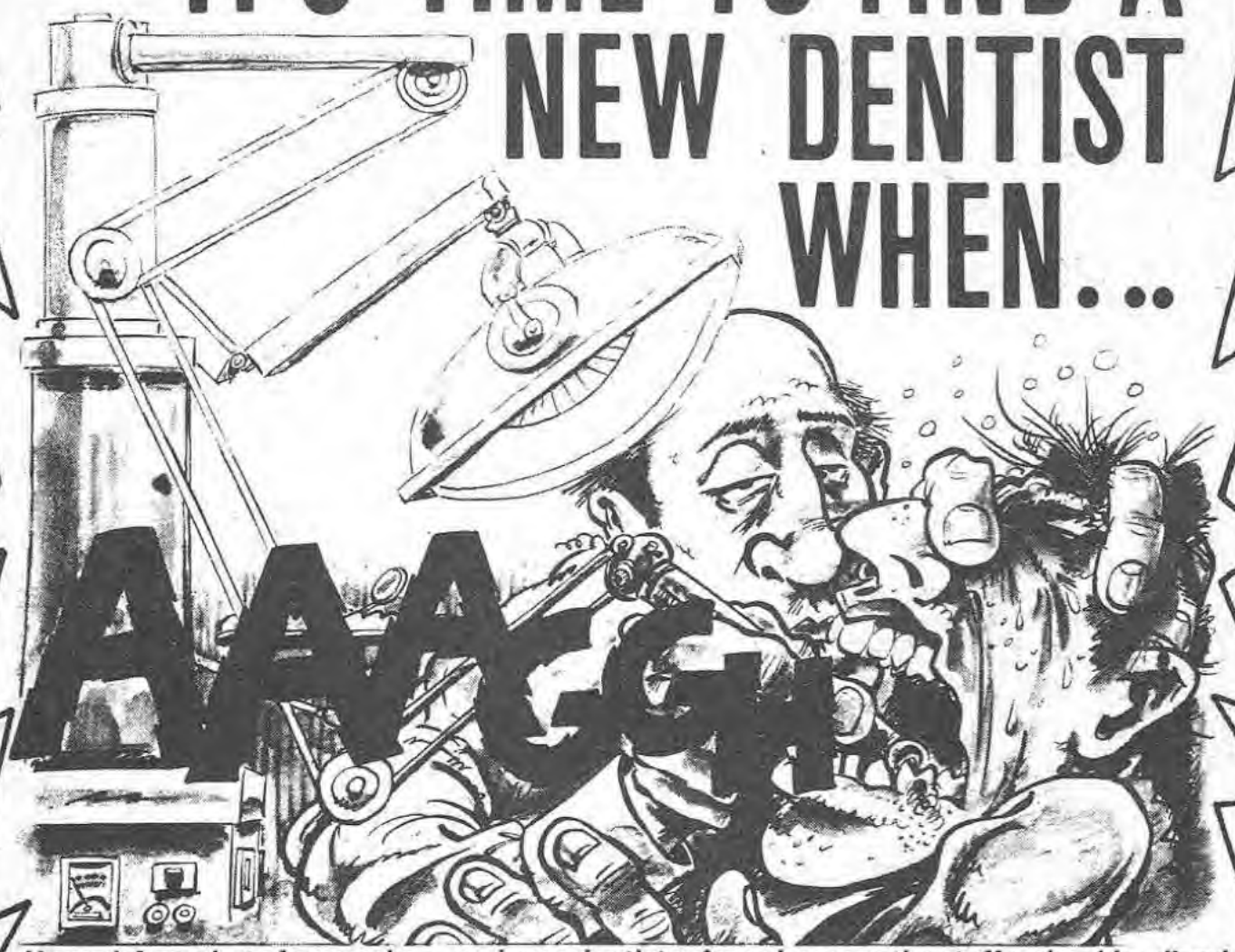
WEEEEEEEEEE
THE GAMBLER


THE PHYSICIAN
AAGHH
MEDICAL BILL
M.D.


THE SAILOR
BLOOP!


RRRRR
THE ENGINEER
72509

IT'S TIME TO FIND A NEW DENTIST WHEN...

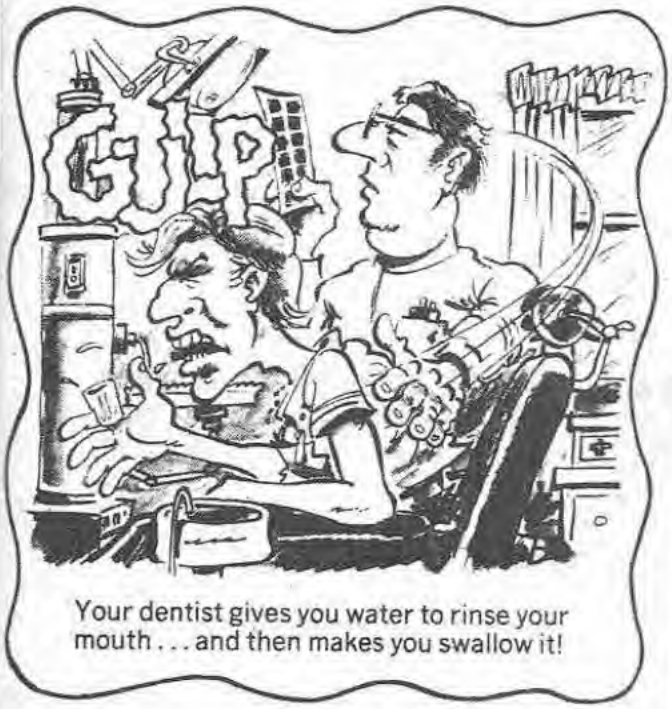


You ask for a shot of novacain . . . and your dentist refuses because the stuff makes him dizzy!

Art by Dave Manak

Your dentist compliments the condition of your teeth . . . then asks if they're listed with the F.B.I.!

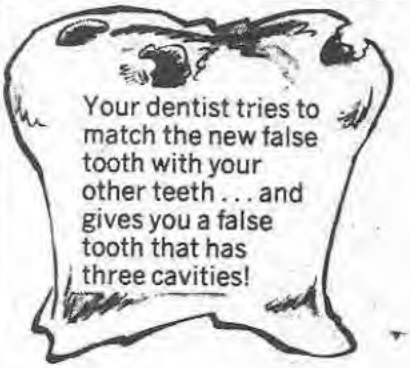
Before doing bridgework . . . your dentist puts on a hard hat!



Your dentist gives you water to rinse your mouth . . . and then makes you swallow it!

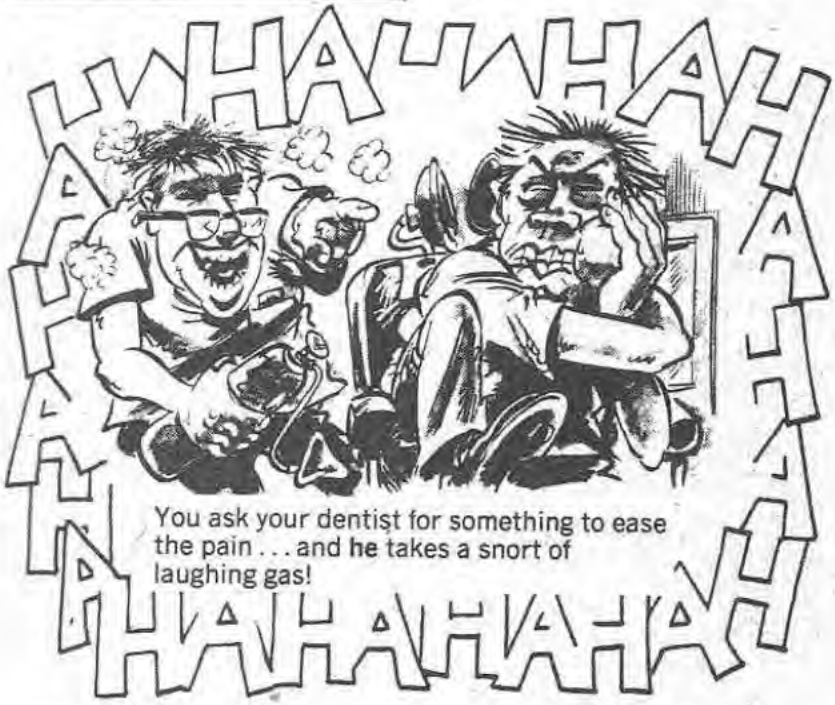
Your dentist says your teeth are fine . . . but the gums will have to come out!

Your gums are swollen . . . so your dentist recommends brushing with PREPARATION H!



Your dentist tries to match the new false tooth with your other teeth . . . and gives you a false tooth that has three cavities!

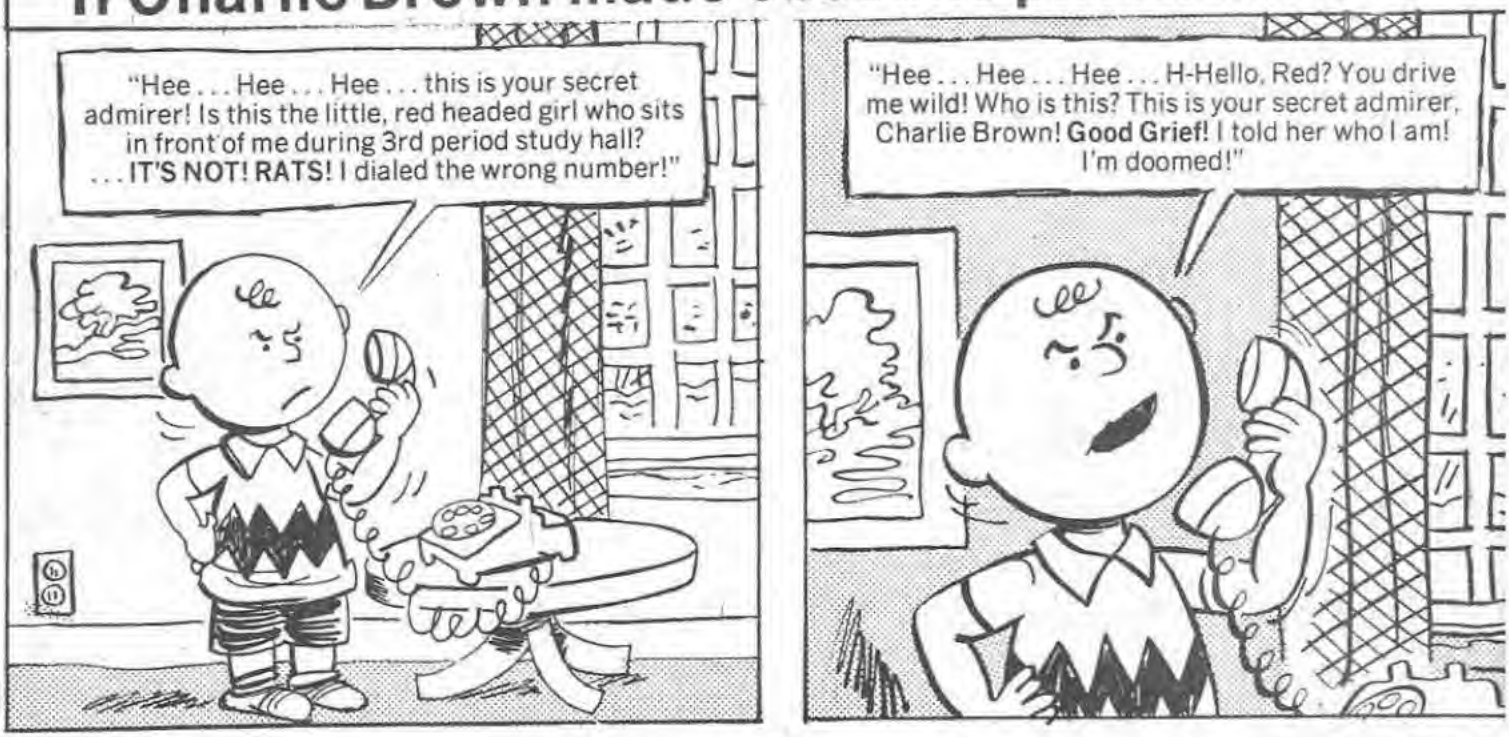
To retrieve the gold filling he dropped down your throat . . . your dentist uses a string and wad of gum!


WHAHAHA

Famous cartoon characters tend to be healthy and well-balanced. In fact, they often tend to be TOO healthy and well-balanced! Can we really believe their apple-pie, straight and narrow life? Heck! SICK hereby presents questionable evidence that not all cartoon characters have pure hearts—and minds to match!!!

If Cartoon Characters Made OBSCENE PHONE CALLS

If Charlie Brown made obscene phone calls



If Superman made obscene phone calls

If Spiderman made obscene phone calls . . .

If Tarzan made obscene phone calls . . .

If Batman made obscene phone calls . . .

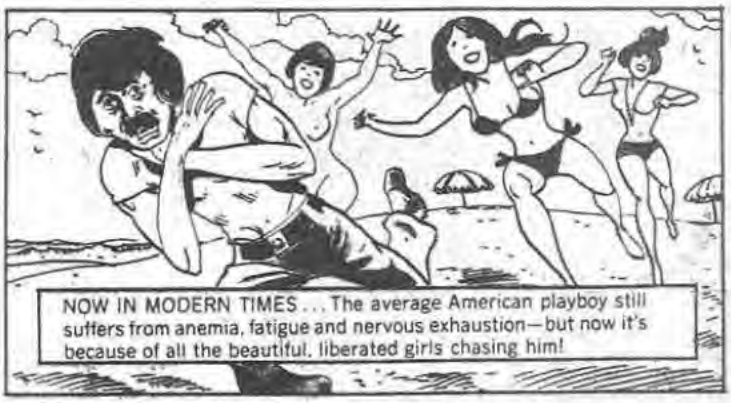
If the Human Torch made obscene phone calls . . .

If Wonder Woman made obscene phone calls . . .

If the Shadow made obscene phone calls . . .

LONG AGO / MODERN TIMES

Art by Dick Ayers



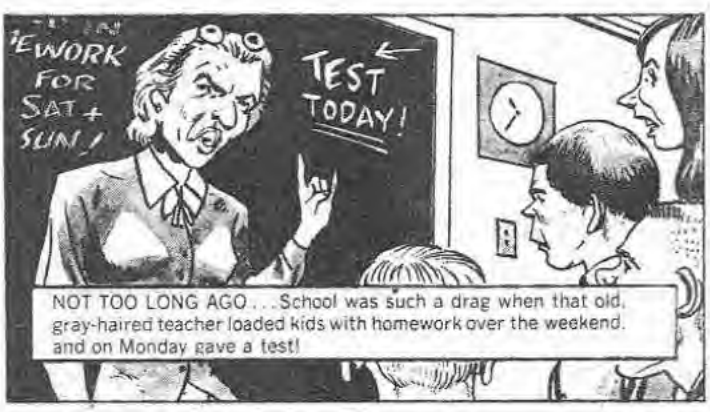
In the '50s kids wore their hair slicked back and ducktailed. In the '60s the Beatle-cut was all the rage. This is not a parody of hairstyles, but an article on change. Not money change. We're talking about lifestyles . . .

NOT TOO LONG AGO . . . Arabs were known as shrewd businessmen, demanding outrageous prices for their goods – such as slaves women and camels!

NOW IN MODERN TIMES . . . Arabs are known as shrewd businessmen, demanding outrageous prices for their goods – namely oil!

NOT TOO LONG AGO . . . Teenagers tried to be different by wearing tight shiny pants, cashmere sweaters, and listening to songs that sounded more like mouthwash commercials!

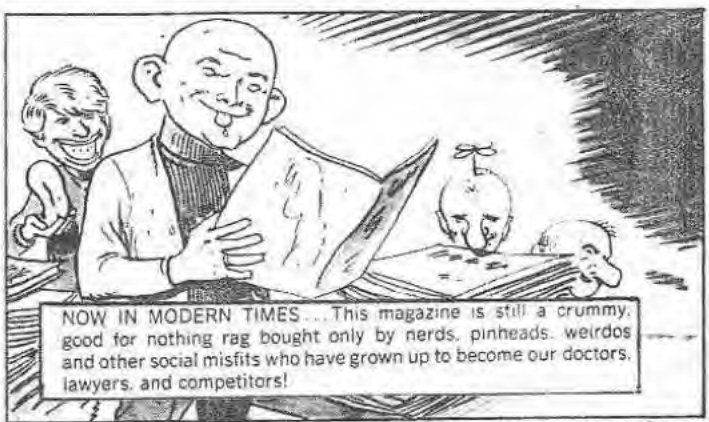
NOW IN MODERN TIMES . . . Teenagers try to be different by wearing baggy blue jeans, sweatshirts, and listening to songs that sound more like mouthwash commercials!



NOT TOO LONG AGO . . . School was such a drag when that old, gray-haired teacher loaded kids with homework over the weekend, and on Monday gave a test!

NOW IN MODERN TIMES . . . School is a real cool blast because your teacher is young, liberated, doesn't assign homework over the weekend, and on Mondays **you** test him!

NOT TOO LONG AGO . . . This magazine was a crummy, good for nothing rag bought only by nerds, pinheads, weirdos and other social misfits!



NOW IN MODERN TIMES . . . This magazine is still a crummy, good for nothing rag bought only by nerds, pinheads, weirdos and other social misfits who have grown up to become our doctors, lawyers, and competitors!

BUFFALO BULL

BULL and the INDIANS!

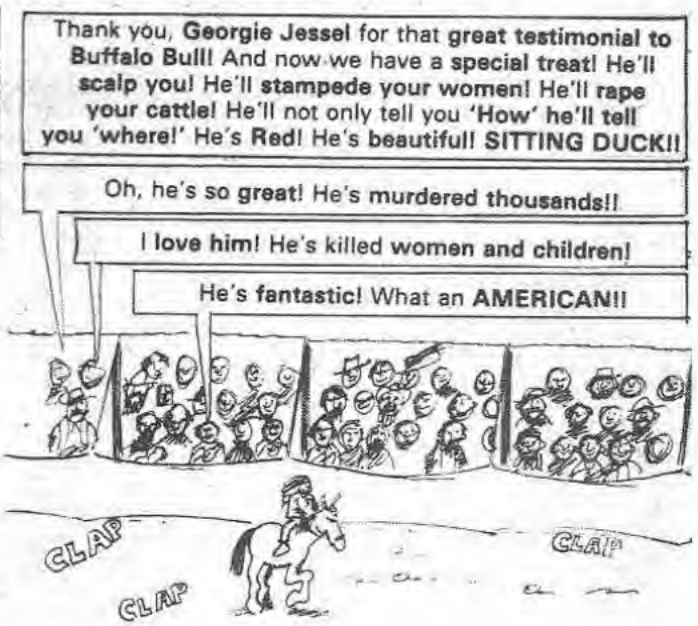
Bluntline's in the bar! I want him outta here! Get rid of him! Tell him to go! NOW!
Please, Bull! Calm down! This requires cool heads! We must handle this like rational, mature men!
You're right! Let's put Ben-Gay in his shorts!
Forget it! I'LL handle this!
Fine! But when you tell him to leave, don't mention my name! Understand? I'm not involved!
Oh! You're trying to avoid your past?
No! I'm trying to avoid pain! If he gets angry, he'll punch YOU out instead of ME!
Bluntline! I want you out of Cooty-land by morning!
Forget it! Bull! Cooty owes me! I made him big and the he dumped me! So I ain't goin'!
Lighten up, will ya? Remember: Life is a Cabaret, old chum!
On second thought, I can be out of here in no time!
I'm Palsey, Chief Sitting Duck's interpreter! Chief speak only through me! If he spoke around me, maybe you could hear him!
Chief delighted to be here! Brings you gift! Photo of George Wallace!
What Indian wants a picture of George Wallace?
Chief IRONSIDE
Sitting Duck - been ill for many moons!
Many moons?
Yeah! Chief like to drop his pants at passing commuter trains!
Lôok, big guy! I don't like funny Injuns! The last redskin who upstaged me was threatened with pain!
Souix?
No! We settled OUT OF COURT!
Hey! Where's Buffalo Bull?
He went to meet his maker!
You mean he DIED?
No! He's seeing his girlfriend!
You were so drunk last night, you almost raped me!
I tried my best!
Never mind! I knew you'd be a sinner after your trip to New York!
Because New York has a bad reputation doesn't mean I do! The place and the person are NOT related! Why, just last week, you were in the VIRGIN ISLANDS!

Chief miffed! You treat Indians like dirt!
Nonsense! I don't discriminate! In my eyes, there is no red man or white man! The only color I see is green! So later, I want the DARK GREEN men to sweep the stables, while the LIGHT GREEN men get up and go over to chow!
We want several items if we are to stay here! The Chief wants blankets, the braves want skins, the Medicine Man wants herbs, and the Jewish Squaws want unmarried doctors!! We'll have more demands in just a moment, but first here's Frank Field with the weather!
Fair and sunny...
Forget it, Palsey! I don't get pushed around! Nothing scares me! Except flaming breadsticks hurled by lepers! I will only honor my original offer!
Great! A case of Coppertone and a copy of "Getting along with Tonto!"
Oh, Bull! You're a regular 'Don Juan!'
Yeah! And I 'Don Juan' to have anything to do with you anymore!
Why? WHY??
I can't live with a woman who wears underwear with the days of the week!
Oh, yeah! Well, YOU'VE never seen them! How would you know what they say?
They're in BRAILLE!
Yes, sir! I know Bull Cooty! He's a liar, a cheat, a rogue, and Presidential material!
You're crazy! Buffalo Bull is loyal! Why just the other day Fanny Oakly shot herself accidentally and Bull shot himself out of SYMPATHY!
Tell me! Why do you Indians attack White women all the time? Don't you have your own women?
No! Braves not allowed to TOUCH squaws!
Then what do you use for SEX?
TWINKIES!
You make love to twinkies?! Isn't that a bit dull?
YEAH! That's why we attack the White women!
C'MON, YOU STUPID HORSE!! DRINK!
Hey! Wake up! Sitting Duck want to talk!
Huh? It must be 4 in the morning! And he's awake now?
Chief used to have paper route!
This better be good! You woke me up from my favorite dream! I was up to the part where the loose woman was beating me shamelessly with LIVE FLOUNDER!
46

Chief Sitting Duck not
e area where we live!
AAA book say six
owers and a Kentucky
Fried Chicken within
alking distance! All we
t is a bucket of water
and an Arby's!!
Those are
the breaks,
Pal! You
should have
made a
RESERVATION!
Ha, Ha! Guffaw!
I liked
you
better
as
the
Sundance
Kid!
THAT
DID
IT!
OUT!!
SPLIT!!
COP
A
WALK!!

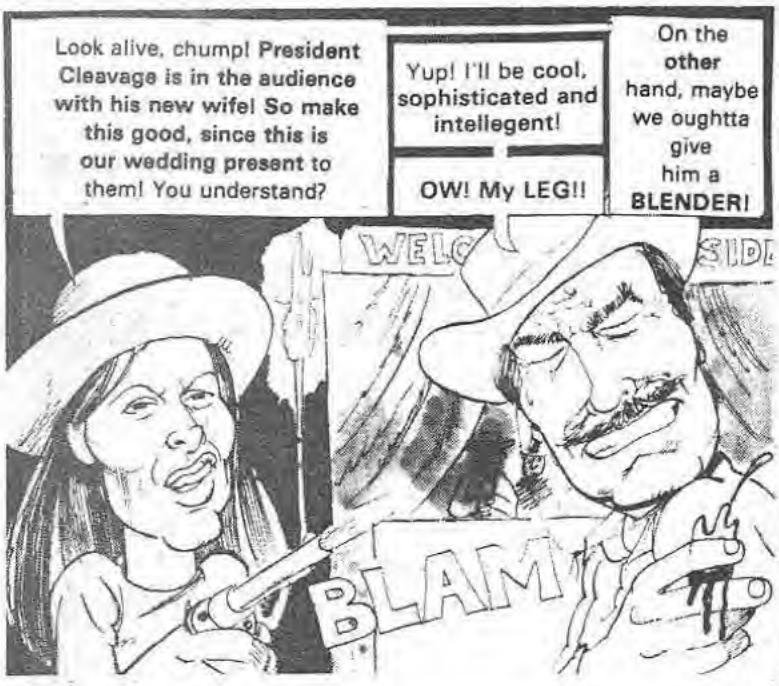
Are you leaving because I fired the Chief??
That AND you're
being so conceited!
I can't do my 'over
the shoulder' shooting
trick because you took
all my mirrors!
Do you know how stupid
I look holding up
POLISHED CORNINGWARE?
OKAY! The
Chief can
stay! But
I'm not
giving
back
the
MIRRORS!
BANG

Bull!
I'd
like
you
to
meet
Miss
Charmes!
Oh, Mr. Cooty!
This IS a
pleasure! My
third husband
was a trick
shooter, you
know!
You're THIRD husband?
Yes! My first two
husbands died of
mushroom poisoning!
And my third died
from a knife in
his back!
How'd
that
happen?
He
wouldn't
eat the
mushrooms!


Thank you, Georgie Jessel for that great testimonial to Buffalo Bull! And now we have a special treat! He'll scalp you! He'll stampede your women! He'll rape your cattle! He'll not only tell you 'How' he'll tell you 'where!' He's Red! He's beautiful! SITTING DUCK!!
Oh, he's so great! He's murdered thousands!!
I love him! He's killed women and children!
He's fantastic! What an AMERICAN!!
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP

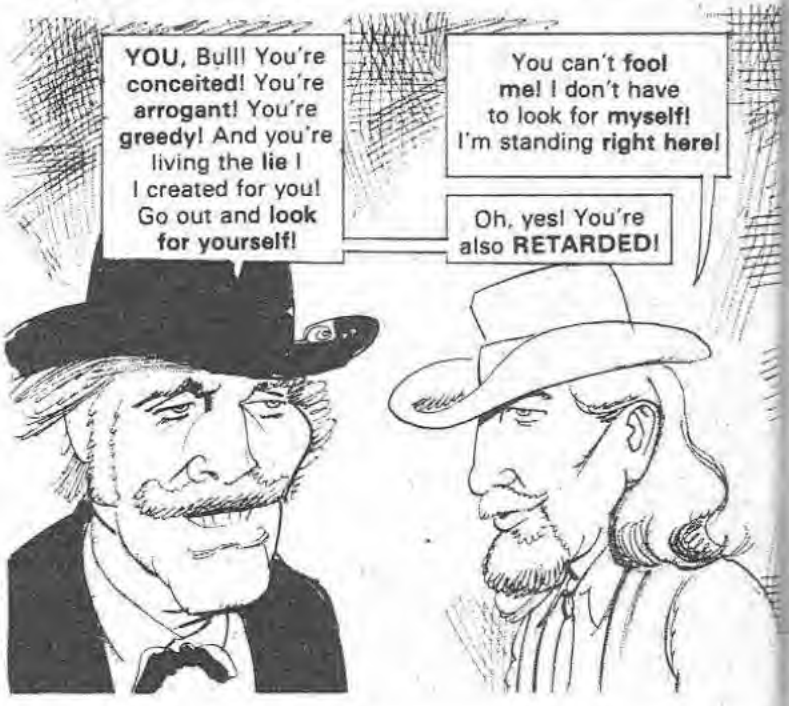
Sorry, Honey!
I can't fool
around with
you now!
Sitting Duck
escaped and I
otta catch him!
But Bull!
I ate
OYSTERS!
Hey, I'm
sorry! I
have no
time!
You'll be
gone a
long time!
You'll
crave
lovin'!
You're
right!
Maybe
you can
just
BRUSH
AGAINST ME!

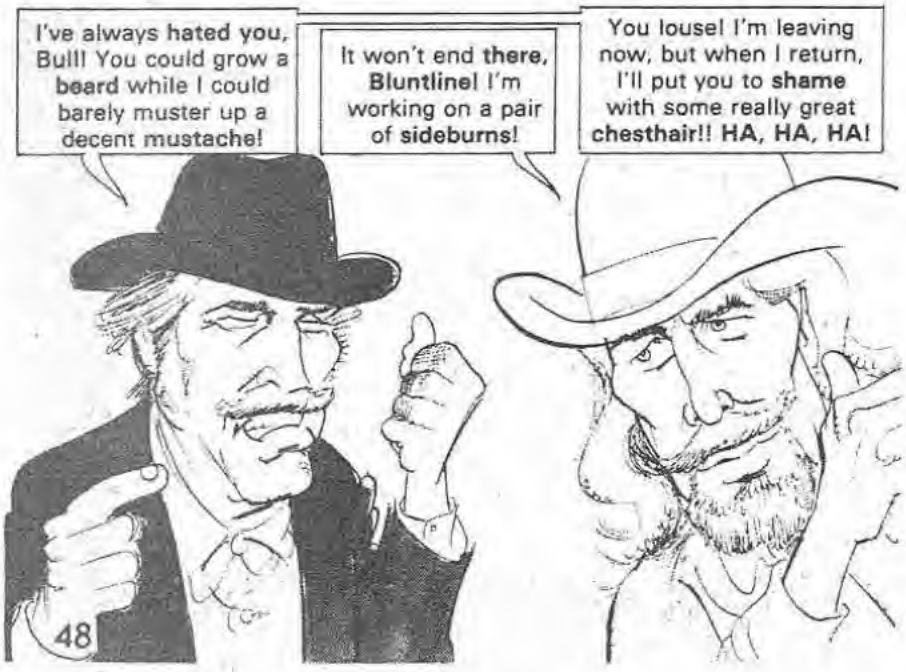
Uncle
Bull!
You
didn't
get
Sitting
Duck!
Yeah! Your
Uncle wasted
half
the
day looking
for a
CARVEL!
Well, you were
a lot of help
asking, "When
are we gonna
get there? When
are we gonna
get there!


Look alive, chump! President Cleavage is in the audience with his new wife! So make this good, since this is our wedding present to them! You understand?
Yup! I'll be cool, sophisticated and intellegent!
OW! My LEG!!
On the other hand, maybe we oughtta give him a BLENDER!
BLAM!

Oh, Great Mother!
You mean FATHER,
Right! Chief have one small request!
Forget it! I don't take requests! Now get out of this party before I order all you redskins SHOT, STABBED and HANGED! And in that order!
But you CAN You smoke PEACE PIP with us!
I didn't INHALE!
RESIDENT

Well, well, well! If it isn't the great Bull Cooty!
No! It is! See? I have my name in my hat!
Ha, Ha! Same old Bull!
Alright, Bluntline! What do you want?


YOU, Bull! You're conceited! You're arrogant! You're greedy! And you're living the lie I created for you! Go out and look for yourself!
You can't fool me! I don't have to look for myself! I'm standing right here!
Oh, yes! You're also RETARDED!


I've always hated you, Bull! You could grow a beard while I could barely muster up a decent mustache!
It won't end there, Bluntline! I'm working on a pair of sideburns!
You louse! I'm leaving now, but when I return, I'll put you to shame with some really great chesthair!! HA, HA, HA!

By the way... Sitting Duck is dead!
How'd he die?
He tried to swallo the premise of this movie!

CUT THIS OUT AND SHOW IT TO A FRIEND -- WE TESTIFY THAT WILL BE YOUR LAST FRIEND!

The Last Will and Testament of HOWARD HUGHES

March 3, 1976

I, Howard Hughes, residing at (CENSORED), and being of ~~sick~~ sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby sign, make, publish and declare this to be my **LAST WILL and TESTAMENT.**

FIRST: I direct that all my just debts testamentary expenses, such as the newspaper bill, the payment I owe on my "Spruce Goose" birdhouse, and the uncollected taxes due the empty soda bottle returns, be paid by my executor, as soon after ~~my~~ death as ~~may~~ be practicable.

SECOND: All the rest, residue and remainder of estate, comprised mainly of collected empty Kleenex ~~to~~ boxes, my three hundred pound of string, Quacky, my rubber duck, and the total contents of my fingernail collection, all such real and personal, I give, devise and bequeath to my beloved pet ~~foo~~ flea, **WALDO**, to be hers absolutely.

THIRD: I hereby authorise and direct (.....), to sell, mortgage, lease or convey or transfer any or all property, real and personal, at public or private or garage sale, and upon any terms as to cash or credit, as he my in his discretion deem proper for my estate durning any forthcoming games of **MONOPOLY.**

WITHOUT WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my seal whatever day, month, and year this is.

Howard Hughes

Howard Hughes RESIDING AT (TOP SECRET)

(SIGN YOUR NAME) RESIDING AT (ADDRESS)

H-E-Y!

DON'T CALL A DOCTOR...

GET SICK

Da Fink says, Ya liked these features:

KING KONG

DA FONZ!

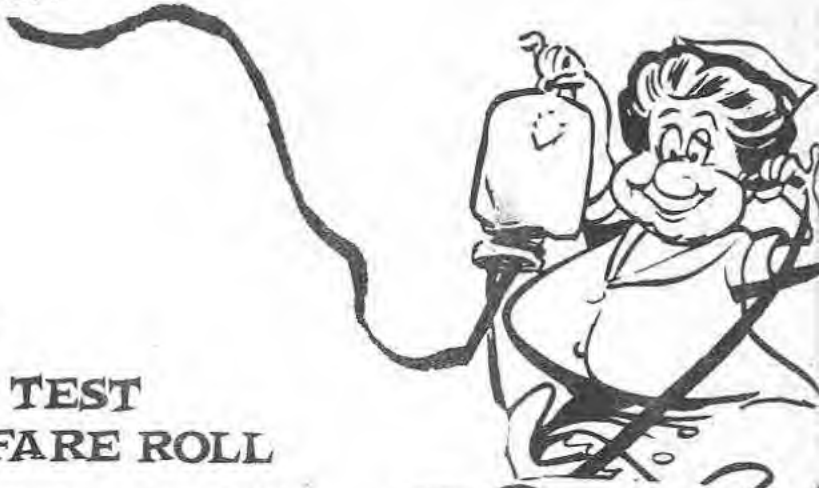
CB SICKNESS

MOVIE SPOOF

BAD MOUTH BEARS

DUMB ADAMS' SCREEN TEST

NEW SICK GAME WELFARE ROLL



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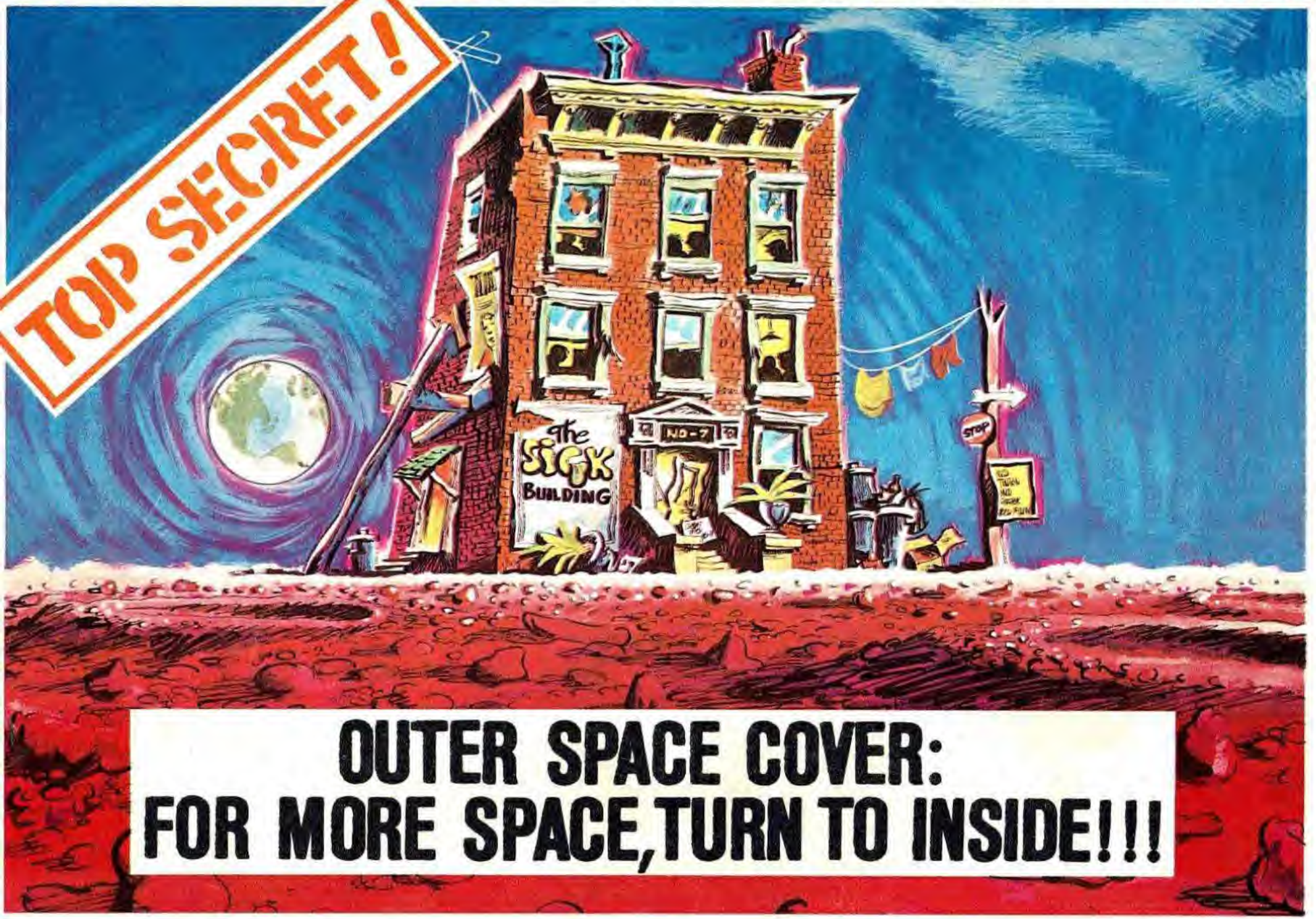
FIRST PHOTO: ~~SICK~~ LIFE ON MARS!



OUTER SPACE COVER: FOR MORE SPACE, TURN TO INSIDE!!!